Week ending January 3 1953
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JOHN BULL

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by BRUCE MARSHALL

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EDITORIAL

Happier New Year

WHAT sort of a year will Coronation Year be for Britain? While the bells ring in 1953, we can look to the future with some confidence.

The Duke of Edinburgh told the British Association: "The nation's wealth and prosperity are governed by the rapid application of science to its industries and commerce. The nation's workers depend upon science for improvement in their standard of housing and food."

MUCH is being done to bear out the Duke's words. Our two winners of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, Dr. Archer Martin, of London, and Dr. R. L. M. Synge, of Aberdeenshire, drew this comment from a Swedish winner: "British scientists seem to have a special gift for making great discoveries with small resources."

One of the scientific discoveries for which great work will be done is in ultrasonics, the science of "silent noise."

Already, sound vibrations applied to aluminium can achieve the formerly difficult task of soldering it. Bacteria can be killed in milk by ultrasonic waves.

THE DUKE
How science helps . . .

Soon scientists hope to "age" whisky in a few minutes and to "drill" very hard substances like quartz with ease.

IN 1953, our aviation industry will increase its lead in design and production which is the envy of every other country. A less well-known advance is the discovery of titanium, the perfect metal for jet engines.

Scientists at the Fulmer Research Institute at Stoke Poges can take credit for finding ways of refining this material.

In Fleetwood, the new British synthetic fibre, "Terylene," has been spun at the rate of 600,000 lb. a year. In 1953, this will be almost doubled.

Better than nylon, it is warm to touch, cannot lose its pleats, is quick drying and unstretchable, requires no ironing, is moth- and mildew-proof and has an exceptional resistance to sunlight.

TELEVISION is to be put to new uses. Now the ocean bed will be probed with TV cameras down to one thousand feet.

In 1953, medical science will continue the advance which has already set up a new low record in diphtheria cases (873 in big towns to the end of November, against 1,274 in 1951) and in deaths from tuberculosis (5,670 against 7,942) and infant mortality.

With the help of the scientists and of men of good will throughout the world, we can look forward to the year of the Coronation being indeed a Happier New Year.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

LAST summer Charles Wood spent two weeks touring with the Bertram Mills Circus and, like the children in his painting, became a firm admirer of Coco, the principal clown. The son of a cobbler, Coco was born in Latvia in 1900. He performed in circuses at the age of ten, and before he became a world-famous clown was an acrobat, conjurer and trapeze artist. Coco can speak eight languages and has six children—all of them circus performers.

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FREE SPEECH

Getting to know the neighbours

ON New Year's Eve, 1951, my husband and I resolved to get to know our neighbours. We had lived in the flat for a year, yet the closest we had come to knowing the occupants of the other flats on our floor was in the exchange of an occasional "good morning" or "good night" and, once, a complaint when our children were exceptionally noisy. It has taken nearly twelve months to break down the barrier, but it has been worth it.

The man next door was a consulting engineer and, in a few evenings' helpful conversation, advised my husband, an industrial designer, on a tricky technical problem. In the second flat, I discovered that the mother was a distant cousin of mine whom I had never met. Our mutual baby-sitting problems were immediately solved. Thirdly, we made friends with an elderly childless couple. Into their lives we brought a little warmth by doing their shopping in cold weather, and inviting them in for a weekend game of cards. We are now surrounded by friends, instead of nameless faces.—MRS. T. D., Wimbledon, Surrey.

Scream Counter

THE girls in the store where I worked thought I was "odd" because I did not wear make-up or high heels, and had no boy friends. But I loved animals. During my lunch hour one day I bought two white mice, as friends for the mouse I already kept at home. Having no box to put them in at the store, I placed one in each sleeve of my green overall. Screams

and chaos resulted when, as I served a customer, one of the mice peeped out of my cuff. At the end of the day I was no longer a shop assistant.—MISS SONIA BORGARTZ, Highlands Boulevard, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Done To A Turn

HOW unvaried must be the diet of many families when some housewives know so little about preparing the simplest food! A friend came in to cook for my small son and myself while my wife was away. She looked askance when I suggested kippers for tea, but promised to cook them. We came in to find that our "cook" had popped the kippers, in their Cellophane wrapping, into a pan of water, and boiled them until they fell apart. —T. H., Halifax.

Comedian's Father

KENNETH HORNE, in "Family Album" (JOHN BULL, November 29), was too modest about his father, whom he referred to as a Congregational minister. In his day, the Rev. C. Sylvester Horne was a giant of the Nonconformist Church. I met him during his provincial visits, when he was president of the National Federation of Free Church Councils. He was a fine orator, a missionary preacher without peer, and an M.P. for some years. I think he would have welcomed his son's success as a comedian, for he was one of the happiest and most cheerful of men.—PAUL THOMAS, Torquay.

Fence Them Out

MY married daughter found that her two children were very reluctant to stay in their play-pen. So she changed places. Now, while mother sits knitting on the inside, the children walk round the outside and try to get in, throwing their toys into the pen in protest.—MRS. L. O'BRIEN, Willowcourt Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

Toy Horrors

THE word "toy" seems to have lost its meaning. The most bloodthirsty of all the miniature weapons which I saw on store counters this Christmas was the plaything labelled: "Toy atom bomb, with exploding caps."—L. TEARNEY, Clarence Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

Dramatic Hour

MY husband and I find that the adventure plays on the B.B.C. *Children's Hour* appeal to us much more than the majority of the Saturday night plays for adults. We listen eagerly to the *Children's Hour* serial and allow no interruptions. Have we immature tastes, or would other readers admit that they, too, prefer this type of entertainment? —SCIENTIST'S WIFE, Hull, Yorkshire.

Menu Altered

AT a local shop I bought a tin of fruit. The label bore a picture of juicy yellow plums and the contents were proclaimed as "Yellow plums in syrup." I opened the tin at home to make a pie. Inside were blackberries. They made a tasty pie, but I expect a label to tell the truth.—B. J. CHAPPLE, Martin's Road, Brockenhurst, Hants.

Happy Hunters

THE "Jinx Sisters" of Malta, mentioned in "The Charmed Life Of Tony Snell" (*Escape—Or Die*, JOHN

In John Bull next week

THE LIFE STORY OF JIMMY EDWARDS

For further details see pages 14 and 18

BULL, December 6), were pursued by the air-sea rescue flight based at Takali, after the fighter pilots stopped dating them in 1943. I was a wireless operator air gunner on A.S.R., and was friendly with the dark one. A Canadian colleague of mine courted her blonde sister until we joined 221 Squadron at Luga, and eventually left for Italy. We called the girls the "Death Sisters," because many of the pilots they knew were shot down. But we were not among their victims.—W. E. SMITH, Eachill Road, Rishton, Blackburn, Lancs.

Soothing Ceiling

ON a trip to the U.S.A. a friend of mine had to visit a dentist. Seated in an elaborate chair and waiting for the injection to take effect, he gazed up at the ceiling. There, painted in large bright letters, were the words "Don't worry. The worst has yet to come." My friend assures me that his amusement vanquished his fear.—H. RAINFORD, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Making Citizens

NORMAN PHILLIPS in his article "All Aboard For The 'Rough Cuts' Club" (JOHN BULL, December 13), paints a vivid picture of the great need today for boys like these to be helped to "fit in." I found that the majority of the boys in an approved school, where I once worked, had got into trouble because they were the unclubbable kind, with too much leisure and nothing to do with it. Turning unused buildings and ships into clubs, as the "rough cuts" converted the coaster Normanhurst, would give them a sense of responsibility and stabilize potential delinquents.—MISS N. BROTHERTON, Frodsham, Cheshire.

Unguarded Fires

DOUGLAS MAYS'S cover (JOHN BULL, December 6), was amusing in all respects but one. It is a pity he could not have read the editorial "Home Dangers," in the same issue, before he began painting. He depicts a room full of people, including three children, two of whom are playing table

Mays's fireside painting

tennis before an unguarded fire.—MRS. PHYLLIS BUCKELL, Stopples Lane, Hordle, Lymington, Hants.

. . . Your editorial, "Home Dangers," states that ninety per cent of burns treated in one hospital were caused by the absence of fireguards in homes. I understood that there is a law making the use of a fireguard compulsory where there are children under seven years of age in the home.—G. MAYELL, Randolph Road, Southall, Middlesex.

The authorities can prosecute only if a child of twelve years or under has suffered serious injury, or been killed, by coming into contact with an unguarded fire. The maximum punishment is a fine of £10. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents says: The law requires strengthening. For years we have urged the need for fireguards in every house where there are children or old people. Health visitors should be given the right of inspection, and there should be prosecutions where no guards are in use before the accident happens.

Praise For Petts

REALISM is the strong point of K. J. Petts, the JOHN BULL artist. I served with Ken in the R.A.F. from 1943 to 1945. At the main entrance to our station H.Q. was a large notice board, on which he had drawn a plan of every department, with a sketch of the person in control of each. The C.O. was depicted as an extremely big-hearted, happy-go-lucky type, and there were some unkind suggestions that Cpl. Petts had visions of a spot of extra leave. But this was countered by his portrait of the station warrant officer. This was so lifelike that we thought Ken was volunteering for trouble.—R. THOMAS, Broughton Astley, Leicester.

Change Of Style

CHIMNEY-SWEEPS once wore top-hats as a traditional part of their working dress. The custom is carried on in Germany, but I have not seen

Harry Cowley, Brighton chimney-sweep, wears a top-hat once a year, in memory of the day he completed his apprenticeship

an English sweep in a "topper" for years.—A. F. CAMPBELL, Orchard Gardens, Putson, Hereford.

Father's Account

THE wife of a business friend of mine left him to mind the children while she went out. On her return she found that her husband had gone to bed and left this bill: "To telling children to be good, six times; to telling children to be quiet, ten times; to wiping noses, eight times; to drying tears, nine times; to getting children's supper, ten minutes; to eating it, one hour; to telling children to go to bed, twelve times; to staying in with them again, never!"—G. H. INGLES, Sandringham Avenue, Leicester.

Bottle-neck

WHY is cotton-wool put in bottles of tablets? It is just a nuisance when the tablets are wanted. If the wool was stuck to the cap it could be drawn out when unscrewing the bottle.—E. A. BENSON, (aged 14), Whitecroft Road, Bolton, Lancs.

A manufacturing chemist says: It is unnecessary to leave the wool in the bottle, if the cap is firmly screwed down after use. The wool prevents the tablets breaking when the bottles are in transit.

Silk-spinners

IN the corner of our garden shed doorpost and the lintel, a spider has spun its web. Not one strand touches the door. The main thread, which stretches across the corner, is fifty-five inches long.—DERYCK EVANS, Pontardulais, Swansea, Glam.

Spiders also use their silk to build cocoons to protect their eggs, young, and themselves from cold and wet.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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FALLING HAIR

Often Unsuspected — Too Frequently Neglected

ONE of the commonest hair disorders is Falling Hair. It is a condition often unsuspected until it has made considerable inroads. Right and left of the forehead are favourite sites. Here, at the very verge of hair growth, where the hair naturally ceases and the forehead begins, the loss of a few shafts may easily escape notice. Then a few more fall. And then a few more. . . .

At length it is no longer possible to doubt that a condition of profuse hairfall has been established. It must not be allowed to continue, because the longer it goes on without treatment the less likely it is to be brought to a halt, and the lost hairs to be replaced from the roots.

The trouble can generally be traced to a devitalised condition of the scalp, resulting in an insufficient supply of nourishment to the roots of the hair. To overcome it, the scalp itself must be stimulated in order that the requisite amount of nourishment may be supplied to each hair-root.

Associated with this under-nourishment of the roots is a weak and relaxed state of the hair sheaths, which, instead of gripping the hairs firmly, gape open and allow them to fall out freely under the slightest pressure, as when you lean back in an easy chair, or restlessly roll your head on the pillow at night. Fortunately, the weak and relaxed sheaths respond most gratifyingly as a rule to suitable treatment.

This subject, and a host of others are fully discussed in a book entitled "HOW TO TREAT HAIR TROUBLES," by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting hair Specialist of Blackpool, who has embodied the results of his life-long experience in a series of specialised treatments, each prepared for a particular type of hair disorder.

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John Bull, 3 January 1953

Playfully, the little girl jerked off the glove. Denton closed his fist at once, but he knew Klaus had seen the purple weals on his fingers

I COME TO KILL

by BRUCE MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

A brilliant new story by the author of "The White Rabbit"

THE TERRACE OF THE CAFÉ was crowded with Spaniards saying "Claro" and having their shoes polished. The older men were talking about the price of olives and the younger men about the girls taking the evening promenade under the trees. Talking was the only thing the young men could do about the girls because the girls were always accompanied by their mothers or by their aunts. The mitigation of the Castilian custom noticeable in Madrid had clearly not yet been adopted by the duennas of this provincial town.

In more than tolerable Spanish, Denton, who had worked for several years in Buenos Aires, ordered a manzanilla. Then he took from his pocket the now-crumpled piece of paper which had been given him by the ex-Resistance leader in Paris and read it again:

S.S. OBERSTURMBANNFUEHRER OTTO ERIK KLAUS,
CALLE DE LOS REYES CATOLICOS, 34, 4°
MEDINA DE LAS CURBAS
ESPAGNE

While the waiter was away fetching his drink, Denton went inside the café and had a look at the telephone directory, but, as he had expected, Klaus's name wasn't there. He would have to trust to the Frenchman's information being right. And even if it were wrong, that wasn't going to save Klaus. The debit balance on Klaus's account was too big for that. As long as Mergeau had got the town right, he would find Klaus in the end. He would comb all the streets for him. He would watch the cafés. Klaus, he was sure, could never keep away from cafés for long.

It occurred to him that he might find the obersturmbannfuehrer sitting on the terrace when he returned to his table. If Klaus recognized him, that might spoil things: Klaus might

Denton had run to earth his Nazi torturer. He had the gun; now all he had to do was choose his moment

get frightened and shout for the police, and in that case he would have to shoot Klaus on the spot, and he didn't relish the idea of being garrotted.

But Klaus wasn't on the terrace when he got back. His manzanilla wasn't there, either. There were only the same men saying "Claro." The same stubby sort of girls were still parading with the same stubbier sort of mothers and aunts. To Denton's now-long-unaccustomed eye they all looked alike. Even the little girls in their wide, puffed-out Aragonese first-communion dresses looked alike. Two of them, walking with their parents, passed each other without smiling.

Carruthers was right about some things, Denton thought. There wasn't enough love in the world, and there never would be enough if those who did holy things together on the same day in the same place didn't smile at one another. He smiled at both the little girls and at their parents, too, but neither the children nor the grown-ups smiled back at him. Church bells began to throw a silvery blessing upon the men talking about girls and the price of olives, and people were hurrying up the narrow street towards the red cathedral on the hill. There were always services going on in Spain. Denton wondered if Klaus ever attended any of them.

He looked round for the waiter and, seeing him serving a table three rows back, tapped impatiently on the marble-topped table. But his fingers made no sound because of his gloves. He was always forgetting about his gloves. Even after more than six years he hadn't got used to them. Perhaps it was because they made him look stand-offish and aristocratic that the little girls and their parents hadn't smiled back at him. No, that was absurd. Lots of Spaniards wore gloves, and black ones at that.

"Waiter!" he called, but already the man was hurrying towards him with his drink.

"Shoe shine?"

Denton nodded absent-mindedly, but smiled when he saw that the shoe cleaner was a middle-aged cripple with a big stump bulging in a shortened trouser leg. "We are brothers," he said to the man in Spanish, and then knew that he had been silly, because the man could not understand why he had said that they were brothers unless he first removed the gloves from his hands.

WHEN another little girl in a first communicant's dress failed to smile back at him, he gave up looking out at the street and went over his plans. He would wait until it was dark, but not too late, so as not to have to ask the watchman to let him into the house. He would go directly to No. 34 Calle de los Reyes Católicos, climb to the fourth floor and ring the bell. Even if Klaus came to open the door himself, he wouldn't shoot him at once, unless Klaus recognized him. But he didn't think that this was likely; for one thing, he had put on a little flesh since he had had those interviews with the Obersturmbannfuehrer in the Rue des Saussaies in Paris; and, for another, Klaus probably believed that he was dead.

He would wait until he was alone in a room with Klaus, and then he would say to him: "I can tell you now the names of our agents in the Ariège, Herr Obersturmbannfuehrer. They were Donaldson and Muplat and Garner. Muplat you know, because in the end you caught him and put him through the hoop. But it is not only because of what you did to Muplat that I am going to kill you. It is also because of what you did to Greene and to Mahoney and to Everasse. And not a little because of what you did to me."

Then, when he saw the fear creep into the cruel eyes, he would shoot him. There would be no explosion, because the revolver detonated silently. He would place the pistol, on which there would be no fingerprints because of his gloves, in the dead man's hands, and make his way downstairs again.

If Klaus was living alone, there was every chance that the Spanish police would accept the theory of suicide. But if there was a wife to deal with, things would be much more difficult. Almost certainly she would know of his visit and warn the police. He might even have to run for it to his car in the Plaza Mayor and make a dash for the frontier. Yes, if there was a wife, or even a servant, he would be pretty sure to be caught. That would not be pleasant, but at least he would have avenged his friends.

It was about this that he had had the argument with Carruthers, who had been in the business, too, and had done a good job of work in the Yonne. When he had told him what he was going to do, Carruthers had disapproved. "I don't think you'll be able to," he had said. "Not when you see him standing trembling in front of you. Just after he had tortured you, perhaps, but not now. And, besides, you'd be hurting yourself. Men who do cruel things to other men always end by doing cruel things to themselves. Even Klaus must have hurt himself. Let that be his punishment. Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

PULLING his pedestal from under Denton's right leg, the shoeblack said: "There you are. Two pesetas, sir." Denton gave him five and, hurt by the man's gratitude, was ashamed of his own ease as he watched him limp away.

A blind old man selling lottery tickets felt his way along the aisles between the tables. "Today for today!" he kept crying, holding out his sheaf of scrip, but nobody bought any tickets from him. On the far side of the street two priests passed in shiny hats, safe in their Spanish world.

Lonely in his hatred, Denton smiled at another little girl in a first communicant's dress, but the smile bounced off her unresponsive face and was caught by a very small girl in an ordinary child's frock, walking behind with her mother. This little girl smiled at Denton and, when she had gone a little past his table, turned to wave her hand at him. Denton waved back and, longing to hear friendly speech, beckoned to the child that she should come back and talk to him. The child spoke to her mother and came running to him, her short pink frock swinging above her knees like a tongueless bell.

"That is a lovely pink frock," he said to the little girl, holding her by the shoulders.

"It's not pink, really; it's trying to be red."

"And your name?" he asked. "And your age? Tell me all about yourself."

"I am called Maria," she said in her lovely child's grave Spanish. "I am six years old. In three years' time I am going to make my first communion. Mamma says that it will be the happiest day of my life, happier even than the day on which I shall be married. Was your first communion day happier than the day on which you married?"

"I am afraid that I cannot tell you that because I am not married." He stroked the corner of the smile she gave him.

She touched his glove with her finger. "Is that why you wear these—because you are sorry that you are not married?" she said.

"Yes, that's it." He was beginning to realize that it was a mistake for him to be talking to the child at all. She might recognize his foreign accent and remember it.

"Papa has a friend who is not married and

The little girl smiled at him and touched his

who does not wear black gloves." She looked at him solemnly and held out her hand. "Goodbye, sir. Go with God."

When she had gone back to her mother, he waved to her until she had disappeared out of sight. But he was careful after that, and smiled at no more children.

When darkness had fallen, he paid for his drink, taking care to talk to the waiter no more than was necessary. Then he walked slowly in the direction of the Calle de los Reyes Católicos. The pavements were less crowded now, because most of the mothers had taken their daughters indoors. The lights outside the cafés and cinemas looked like golden tears.

There were still, however, a few giggling young women on the pavement, marching up and down in unassailable groups of three, and Denton was annoyed when some of them turned around to stare and to comment upon his appearance. In spite of the care he had taken to dress inconspicuously, it was clear that the girls had remarked about the foreign cut of his clothes. He was even more annoyed when an urchin offered to sell him a packet of American cigarettes.

THE Calle de los Reyes Católicos turned out to be a long, dreary street pitching its banality up at an angle towards the cathedral. Children were playing in the gutter, and in the doorways of some of the houses old women, almost faceless in the darkness, stood gossiping. Noticing with relief that the entrance to No. 34 was untenanted, Denton dived into the narrow passage. He had already reached the bottom

glove. Denton did not realize then the danger he was running. "Is that why you wear these—because you are sorry you are not married?" she said

of the staircase when he heard a door open in the corridor behind him.

"What do you want?" a woman's voice asked roughly in Spanish.

"I want to see the Señor Ortiz." The ordinary Spanish name came to his tongue almost effortlessly, but he had to struggle hard to keep both the foreign accent and the fear out of his voice.

"There's no such person lives here."

In the light coming from the open doorway he could see the woman's face gleaming like a blob of ectoplasm above the darkness of her dress. "I'm sorry," he said as he made his way back towards her. "I must have muddled up the number." He expected her to glare at him with the traditional hostility of concièrges as he passed her, but instead she smiled, and even in the half light Denton saw that the smile made her ugly face beautiful.

"There are so many Ortizes in the world there's bound to be one in this street," she said.

Denton walked to the end of the street, turned the corner into another street, leaned up against a tattered poster for a bullfight and let his fear ride through him. Escape wasn't going to be as easy as he had imagined. The caretaker might very well remember his visit, even if he hadn't asked for Klaus. The small boy who had offered him cigarettes and the girls who had turned to stare at him in the street might remember him, too. The child he had spoken to might have told her mother that he had spoken with a foreign accent, and both the shoeshine man and the waiter might also have noticed the strange intonation in his speech. Even if Klaus's death was made to look like suicide, the police would be bound, in view of his nationality and no doubt suspected record, to consider the possibility of vengeance wrought by a former victim.

He was tempted to postpone his revenge, until he became clear-headed enough to realize that if he didn't kill Klaus that night he would never kill him at all. And not to kill Klaus would have been to break faith with the dead. "If I get out of this alive, I swear that I'll leave no stone unturned until I have killed that swine for you," he had sworn to Greene and Mahoney and Everasse the night before they had been shot.

A LIGHT was still showing round the edge of the caretaker's door as he passed it again, on tiptoe and with only a feeble excuse ready if the woman came out. But this time the woman did not hear him, and he climbed the unskylighted stairway into increasing layers of darkness.

When he reached the fourth floor, he was out of breath and he could hear his heart thumping like a piston. He made sure that the revolver was still in his pocket and rehearsed the alternative Spanish sentences: one for Klaus if he came to the door, and another for his wife or a servant.

It was Klaus himself who answered the bell. Because of the darkness, Denton could scarcely make out his face, but there was no mistaking his voice.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked in a correct but awkward Spanish which recalled the correct but awkward French in which Denton had first heard him ask: "What are the names of your agents in the Ariège?"

"I have come to talk to you about life insurance," Denton said, hoping that his own accent would pass unnoticed. "I apologize for calling so late, but my profession is a busy one and so often the people we wish to interview are at home only in the evening."

Klaus stood back from the door. There was no sign of recognition in his manner.

"Please pass this way, sir," he said.

Denton entered, suddenly fearful that Klaus might only have pretended not to recognize him and would spring on him as soon as he had shut the door. Klaus, however, did not spring on him.

"Straight ahead," he said, and as he walked along a narrow corridor, Denton heard the rubbery scuffle of Klaus's slippered feet behind him.

He could scarcely make out the furniture in the unlighted room into which Klaus showed him because, although the blinds were not drawn, only more night came in from the street. Hearing the rasp of a match being struck, he turned to see Klaus applying a pink sail of flame to the mantle of an incandescent gas lamp. Denton hadn't seen such an operation since he was a child, and it was with a tug at his heart that he heard the long-forgotten plop and watched the cone turn from pale green and heliotrope to white. For a little the sudden brightness blotted out the houses on the other side of the street.

"A backward custom, sir, but then, we live

Continued on page 24

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS (3)

MY VALIANT FRIENDS THE HUSKIES

by ROGER BULIARD

Tough, brave and wily, they will go on until they die from exhaustion. In the Arctic, they are almost worshipped. If a man is lost, his dogs will usually manage to lead him home

TO THE LONELY MISSIONARY in the Arctic, whose way is often marked by as many rebuffs as welcomes, the husky dogs are a constant source of strength. When he blunders into an unfriendly Eskimo camp, where the children run away from the terrible Long Robe, where the men refuse the traditional handshake, and the women neglect to offer the traditional cup of tea, the missionary turns sadly away, alone; but not quite alone, for the dogs are there, and they are friends. When they push towards him he forgets the unkind greeting in the camp, the desperate hours on the trail, the solitary evenings crouched in an ill-constructed igloo, listening to the fury of the storm outside that seems instinct with personal animosity.

The Eskimos worship their dogs and regard them almost superstitiously, naming them after dead relatives, and hesitating before they destroy even their old dogs. They have a saying that sums up the Eskimo's relationship with his dogs: "*Okrayuimata kisemik*. . . . They cannot talk; that is all." And three-quarters of all Arctic discussion concerns the dogs.

On one occasion, I set out from the Mission

The dogs that lead a real dog's life. They will cover up to fifty miles a day, on only one meal—and then sleep unprotected out on the open ice

at Coppermine, travelling north, with a new team—new, that is, except for one dog, Marak (Blue Fox). He was a seasoned worker, tough and loyal, and had been with me for several years, having seen me through many a difficult spot and shared with me some of my roughest sessions on the trail. Among the younger dogs he acted the part of the tough old soldier, the veteran who has seen so many campaigns that the next one, the one in prospect, merely bores him. He kept aloof from the others and let them know that he was their superior, and I am afraid that I may have betrayed some of my partiality towards him.

At any rate, one morning, camped on a frozen lake, I heard a terrifying noise from the dog line—the sound of a team of huskies in combat. All my dogs were loose and fighting, and there was plenty of blood on the snow. When I stopped them, Marak did not raise his head. I approached, my heart in my mouth, hoping that he was only wounded. But he was finished, with blood and hair all over the snow around him. The jealous youngsters had ganged together and had hacked him to pieces. I knelt down and touched the mutilated body, my eyes misting. "Poor Marak," I said. "It was my fault, old man, but I only meant to be kind."

For it was I who had turned the pack against him, slipping him extra tit-bits when I thought the others were off guard, thinking I could hide my partiality from them. Of course, they had known all along that Blue Fox was the favourite, the pet. And now the fact that he had been my favourite had cost him his life.

When they are in the thick of a fight, Eskimo dogs are pitiless, and almost insensible to pain. Rage and fury seem to possess them. I have seen rifles broken across their backs, without effect. They tear each other's ears to pieces, gouge out eyes, slash off great chunks of flesh. And they will never quit, never surrender.

What can you do? Put them against an angry bear, with your life as the winner's prize, and they will fight just as hard.

They Are Pals For Life

They are tough. In spring, when the ice is needled and sharp, each step the huskies take leaves a paw mark in blood, and behind you your trail is recorded by two bright red lines where the dogs have walked. Despite the pain, they pull their hearts out.

Sometimes, two of them become friends, allies from their first meeting onward. It is the initial encounter that decides the future. Bring a pair of them together, and they will approach each other cautiously, smelling, rubbing noses. In a few seconds the whole thing is settled. A tail tries a tentative wag, then moves enthusiastically and they are friends for life. I have known a number of such pairs—but never a pair like Sport and Dragon.

Two huge dogs they were, of the same breed, the same build, the same colour. They became such fast friends that they even shared their food—something no Eskimo dog ever does ordinarily. Sport generally finished his portion first, being an inveterate gormandizer, and when his food was gone he would watch Dragon, who ate more slowly. "What about a mouthful?" his furtive nose would say. "Come on now, you know you can't finish all that." Sometimes Dragon would let him have it, sometimes he refused, but there was never trouble.

To part Sport and Dragon when you harnessed up was to invite trouble for Sport's new team mate. Occasionally, I used it as a way of waking up some lazy fellow who had been shirking a bit, for Sport would put the laggard on his mettle. But it was dangerous. The two dogs made life intolerable for the other dogs until you reunited them. Then it was refreshing to watch the way they encouraged one another, rubbing noses over the ropes.

Dragon was the quiet one, all kindness, aware of his enormous strength and never eager to

Buliard with Dragon and Sport. They were, he says, the most devoted of all pairs of huskies

fight, even in retaliation. Sport was not like that at all. He regarded himself as Dragon's defender, and at the first hostile move from another dog he would charge, his lip curling angrily, his teeth showing. Sometimes Dragon was just an excuse. Sport liked to take on every new dog and to give the recruit a good licking, just to show who was boss, winner and still champion.

In such fights with new dogs, he always used the same technique. The first bound carried him clear of the dogs surrounding the newcomer, the second took him to the victim's throat. Then Sport would shake his victim, dragging him about in the snow, and finally pinning him like a wrestler, his glistening teeth ready. "Now do you see, my friend, who's boss around here?"

I always got there too late, after the lesson was over. The big bruiser would look at me with what was almost a smile of satisfaction on his face, sure that I would appreciate the fact that it had been a fair fight, and half the time I had not the heart to give Sport the thrashing he deserved. Back at Dragon's side he would wink at his pal. "See? He's a softy, Father Buliard. Just a softy."

Giant Was Wasting Away

Sport's size and strength and his ferocious temper made him the terror of my team. He was the Eskimo dog *par excellence*, and his exploits were famous all over the country.

Then this giant, this champion, became in a few hours' time a sick, dispirited old dog. Dragon was drowned. One day, carrying a heavy load, he sank while trying to swim the river—right to the bottom, without a chance, the heavy pack lashed to his back carrying him straight down. Sport raced along the shore, crying like a child, and in the end had to be taken away by force. We tied him up outside the mission, but he howled day and night, refusing to eat. During brief intervals of sleep he moaned as he dreamed, and the slightest bark would rouse him. His head would come up and he would look about.

"Dragon?"

Then his eyes would fall. He was pitiful, poor Sport, indifferent to my caresses, and all joy in living drained from him by his friend's death. When I approached him he would look at me steadily, despair in his eyes, his whole being filled with entreaty. Could I not see? Could I not understand, somehow? Could I not help him find Dragon.

For days the powerful dog mourned, wasting away, refusing to eat, and turning from a healthy husky into a sack of bones. We tried everything, but Sport wanted nothing, wanted nobody, except Dragon. We were going to shoot him, to shorten his agony, when an inspiration struck us. A son of Dragon's, Omikmak, was at the mission—just a puppy, still very small, but it was worth trying. I found Omikmak and put him beside Sport, but the haggard dog hardly turned his head. The little fellow was edging away, frightened, when Sport jumped at him.

There goes Omikmak, I thought.

Frenzy Of Mad Barking

But Sport did not kill the puppy. He just kept him on the ground with his paw, looking him over, sniffing at him, thinking hard. His eyes were deceiving him now, he knew. He had been sick too long. But his nose should not lie. It must be Dragon. Changed, somehow smaller, but still Dragon. There followed a frenzy of mad barking as new life seemed to flow back into Sport's body. Sport was saved. He began to eat again and soon was back on the team, pulling with the best, fighting all comers, always ready to defend Omikmak as he had stood by Dragon.

Sport lived to be very old, for he was one dog we did not have the heart to shoot when he became too slow to follow the team. He was put on caribou pension at Father Delelande's place at Burnside, where he lived at ease like Mick the Miller in retirement. Whenever a dog team set off on a trip, Sport would superintend the departure, running beside the sled, keeping a critical eye on his younger successors. But a mile was about his limit. After that, quite out of breath, he would sit down and pretend to be preoccupied with important business, waiting for the travellers to disappear into the distance before turning home. Back at the mission he would take up his post at the door, majestic as an old stone lion at the gates of a public building.

In every dog team, even the poorest, one dog always stands apart, a little removed from the others. Chosen by his master and respected by the pack, even if he is the smallest, he is

A team of huskies on the trail. When the ice is sharp, each step leaves a paw mark in blood. Despite the pain, they pull their hearts out

the chief, the lead dog. To him goes the position of honour, in front, where he is alone, in single harness, while the others pull behind him in tandem.

While still a mere pup, the leader is probably marked out for his place, being more lively and enterprising than the others in his litter. He has first to learn the orders—to respond when the trailsman cries, *March! Gee!* (to the right) *Haw!* (to the left) *Come back! Down! Ho!* (stop). The last might seem the simplest, but it is the hardest to learn.

Of course, any dog can be taught to obey these simple commands, but that does not make him a leader. What he needs in addition is what no one can teach him: the ability to use his head—almost to make judgments. A real leader can follow the slightest trail with his eyes if there is a scrap of daylight or moonlight, with his nose in the pitch blackness or the whirling blindness of a snowstorm, or with his feet through the chill blanket when the trail has been covered with soft snow.

Never Forgets The Route

He remembers that behind him are a team of dogs and a heavy sled and selects his passage accordingly, never for an instant assuming that he is a free dog on his own and getting the team caught in a narrow defile. In bad weather he watches for igloos, smelling them out, and often saving the task of building a new snow-house at the end of a day on the trail. He never forgets the route, once he has been over it, and will make the round of a trap line with two hundred stations as nonchalantly as a village postman. When his master is lost, he seems to sense his plight instantly and often will lead him straight home.

Not all leaders are perfect, and even the first-class leader may have his faults. Sometimes they become a little too intelligent, a little too smart. Spahi, one of my leaders, liked to pull a fast one on me just as we were beginning a trip. He always tried, after the first gallop, when the sled was moving well, to sweep around in a great curve and return to the dog line where he could take his ease.

Clairon was wiser. While the team was being hitched up, he would shrewdly watch the proceedings to see whether I was going myself or sending my Eskimo boy. If the boy was taking the team out, Clairon knew he was in for some fun, for the poor chap was a little slow and had defective eyesight. The husky would paw the snow, pretending to be sharpening his nails, and look at the other dogs with an expression of the utmost insolence and condescension, as if to say, "Well, fellows, we will take this dumb Eskimo for a ride, all right." And all too often they would bring my poor boy back before he had gone very far.

Pierrot had had too many cold baths in his youth, and was wary of any kind of crack in the ice. He was also shy of seals, and this cost him his life. One day in spring, with Pierrot as leader, we approached a good-sized crack and, sure enough, a big fat seal sat placidly on the other side, upwind from us, blissfully ignorant, quite secure. I had to get him, for I needed the meat, but Pierrot did not like the idea of going anywhere near the crack.

I had a rifle in my hand and gave Pierrot a good poke in the ribs to let him know who was boss. The rifle was an old one, with a sensitive trigger, and went off the instant I touched Pierrot, killing the poor dog and ironically hurling him into the very ice crack he had been shy of going near. I was astonished, then stricken with grief.

Your Turn To Help Them

On long journeys, when the food runs short and the going is tough, the dogs get a little thinner each day and a little more tired each hour, but they will keep going for a week, maybe a month—forty miles today, fifty tomorrow, sixty the next day. They serve amazingly for eight years.

During wild storms they sometimes stumble and stagger a bit. Then it is your turn to help them. You must pluck the frozen snow from their eyebrows, clear the muddy and blood-stained icicles from their lips, and the ice from their feet. And you must not forget to pause every couple of hours to give your team a breather and a chance to slake their thirst with some soft snow, eaten peacefully, and not on the run. It is this desperate catching at hard snow that tears their lips.

When you do stop, the dogs drop heavily, like exhausted infantrymen, and rest wherever they hit the ground. They lick your hands affectionately as you clear their eyes, taking away the ice that has cemented the lids together. They eat some snow and catch their breaths, for they are winded and breathing hard, but they never complain. When you give the word they are up again and off, digging their claws into the snow and putting their backs to the harness to start the heavy sledge. Once under way, their heads go down and they mush steadily, stubbornly. They seem to understand that if you could you would stop right now, and never in their attitude do you detect reproach. When you do finally stop for the night, they drop in their tracks.

Even Refuse To Eat

Their reward? A piece of frozen seal meat, or a dry fish—their only meal in the twenty-four hour span—and a few hours' sleep on the open ice, exposed to the fury of the Arctic wind, protected by nothing but their own hides. A dog's life indeed!

No wonder that when they are home at last, after a trip of five hundred miles or so, some of the gallant fellows even refuse to eat. When you rouse them next morning, one may fail to heed your call. He has died in the night. Cold has finished what gruesome, unimaginable fatigue began, and you have, quite simply, worn him out.

Sometimes a dog, or two, or three, will die this way on the trail, and that may mean the end for you. Once, after eight hundred miles of trekking over the ice, I was within three days of reaching home when one of my dogs—Sultan—broke a leg. I could not leave him there to die of cold and hunger, and I could not, at first, bring myself to shoot him. At last I decided that it had to be done. I gave him a fish to distract his attention and pointed my rifle. Three times I aimed at his head, and three times I lowered the rifle. He ignored the fish and just lay there, his eyes filled with pain, trying to offer me the paw of his hurt leg, sure I could fix it if I only understood. Finally I fired. The dog gave a great shudder as the bullet hit him, then fell dead, tongue hanging out—the tongue that had affectionately licked my fingers a few hours earlier.

NEXT WEEK: Eskimo food—glutton's delight in the Farthest North

Luxury for hire—at £1 a day

by KEITH ELLIS

Godfrey Davis cars are seen at Buckingham Palace garden parties, society weddings, and first nights. They have also been used by terrorists, swindlers and smash-and-grab gangsters

A HIRER ONCE RANG UP Godfrey Davis, Ltd., which claims to be the largest car-hire firm in Europe, and said he would have to abandon his car at London Airport. Later, it was found that he had deserted his wife and had used the car to abduct his two children to the airport, from which all three had then flown to the United States.

Charles Eric Pimm, a personable young man of forty who is sales promotion manager, travelling representative and general trouble-shooter to Godfrey Davis, the managing director, was not surprised. "Our cars have been used for all purposes," he says, "and I mean *all*."

He recalls the two women who hired a car to drive an imbecile relative to an asylum; the ingenious man who "sold" a car no less than seven times for deposits of between £15 and £20; and the confidence trickster with chambers in Jermyn Street who travelled the country in a chauffeur-driven car selling worthless shares. "He always insisted on the same chauffeur, and scrupulously paid his bills."

At the time of Edward VIII's abdication, a daily newspaper hired a Humber to follow the ex-king from London, and insisted that it be driven by Driver Marlow, whose dash had impressed them on previous occasions. Marlow soon realized that the car he was driving was practically indistinguishable from the two Humbers of the Royal party.

All along the Portsmouth road he followed bumper to bumper. At Portsmouth, the Royal cars swept to the dock gates. It was half an hour past midnight. A few yards away, a naval yacht was waiting to take Edward into exile. There was a short pause while the credentials of the party were examined by the dock police.

Scoop Landed Them In Cells

When the Royal cars edged forward, Marlow followed and was mistaken for one of the Royal drivers. Near the quayside, the Royal cars stopped. When Edward and his entourage stepped down, the reporters and photographers tumbled out of the hired car. A barrage of flash-bulbs lit up the dock-side. Suddenly, the police realized what was happening, seized the cameras and arrested the journalists. They spent the rest of the night in the cells.

Pimm claims that Godfrey Davis cars are to be seen at every first night, every society wedding and every Buckingham Palace garden party. They are hired by minor Royalty, cabinet ministers and the ambassadors of foreign powers. During the late King's last illness, one of his doctors drove to see him in a Godfrey Davis car. Judges frequently hire them to drive to court. Among the business firms that hire cars on contract are brewers, estate agents, newspapers, confectioners and banks.

"We're especially keen on tourist business," says Pimm, "dollar business most of all." For that reason, arrangements have been made for bookings to be taken on some Cunard liners, on the Pullman cars of transatlantic boat-trains and on the Golden Arrow. When required, cars are sent to meet boats at Southampton or trains at Victoria and Waterloo. The firm has also advertised widely in travel agencies and American magazines. "Perhaps the best advertisement we ever had," says Pimm, "was when Rex Harrison, in the film *The Rake's Progress*, said: 'Let's hire a car from Godfrey Davis.'"

Like most of the executives, Pimm has spent most of his working life with the firm, and before the war was a receptionist. Normally, the office in Eccleston Street, Victoria, with its long, curved counter, telephone booth and comfortable armchairs, has the polite and well-regulated air of an airport departure lounge.

"When I was on duty by myself at night," says Pimm, "I had to refuse cars to pyjama-clad drunks wielding pokers and tyre levers. Sometimes, I had to call the garage for help."

One afternoon in 1939 he took a call from two

A client orders a "drive-yourself" car. After paying a £10 deposit, she will be taken for a short run to get accustomed to the controls

One of the fleet of seven Rolls-Royce Silver Wraiths brings a customer to Norman Hartnell's salon. Every car is washed after it returns to the garage

When a car breaks down, a mechanic speeds to the scene in another car. If quick repair is not possible, the client drives off in the new car. Failures are rare, for the fleet is kept up to date

men who wanted a chauffeur-driven car to drive them immediately from Hammersmith Broadway to Wimbledon. Driver Moffatt met them, accepted a deposit of £2 and helped them into the back of the car with a large black case. He then set off. In Putney, the two men told him to stop for them to pick up a friend. A few minutes later, all three started to complain that one of the front tyres was low. Obligingly, Moffatt stepped out. One of the men followed him, put a sack over his head and bundled him into the back with his head against the black case. To his horror, he heard a ticking sound. Meanwhile, one of the gang put on the chauffeur's cap and took the wheel.

Soon the car stopped with a jerk. Two of the men jumped out and took the case from the back. A few seconds later, Moffatt heard a loud explosion. The men came running back and drove away at top speed. A mile or so farther on, they slowed down and tipped him out, almost into the arms of a policeman. Later, the car was found abandoned. That night Moffatt read in his evening paper how the I.R.A. had bombed Hammersmith Bridge.

The chauffeur-driven fleet now consists of twenty-one Armstrong Siddeley limousines and seven Rolls-Royce Silver Wraiths; the self-drive fleet of 650 Morris Oxfords, fifty Vauxhall Veloxes and a hundred Armstrong Siddeley saloons. The Armstrong Siddeley saloons may also be hired with a chauffeur. In the last twelve months, 16,325 hirers drove themselves 5,830,928 miles, and another 32,347 travelled 1,094,168 miles with chauffeurs. Including contract hirers, the fleet covered 9,314,864 miles in all.

The large, fast saloons in which the firm specializes have sometimes attracted smash-and-grab men. Though crooks usually pay their bills, both cars and hirers sometimes come to a violent end. Two men who used a Humber for a raid in Hammersmith were trapped by the police in Belgravia. One car chased them round Belgrave Square, another rushed towards them in the opposite direction. The crooks swerved and hit a lamp standard. Both were killed. Another gang travelling at eighty miles an hour took a corner too wide near the Caledonian Road and crashed into a trolleybus standard. The driver was killed by the impact. His companion was thrown out and killed. A third man in the back was scalped as the sunshine roof shot back.

Charles Gandy, the forty-seven year old head receptionist, who has been with the firm twenty-two years, explains that the actual arrangement of a hire takes only a few minutes. While the receptionist is ordering the chosen model from the garage, the hirer fills in an insurance form. He must be over twenty-one, hold a valid driving licence and have had at least twelve months' driving experience. He must also produce two business references which may be consulted immediately by phone. He then pays the estimated cost of hire—£1 a day for self-drive cars, plus between 6d. and 8d. a mile—together with £10 deposit.

Trial Run—Then Drive Away

Meanwhile, the chosen car, topped up with petrol, oil and water, is driven round from the garage by a chauffeur who accompanies the hirer for a short run while he gets used to the controls. "Foreign visitors never seem to worry about driving on the left-hand side," says Gandy. After signing a chit for the superficial condition of the car, the hirer drives off. When he returns, the condition of the car is again checked by a chauffeur. If the car is in good order, the hirer is given a clearance chit. The cost of the hire, including the petrol and oil used from the tanks, is then subtracted from the sum deposited and the balance returned at once or by post to the hirer.

"One regular who used to leave the balance against his next hire wrote to us to say that he expected to be away for some time, and asked us to send his refund to him at Brixton jail," says Gandy. "Occasionally a client has been arrested actually in the office. But the police were so discreet that no one noticed."

When a hirer fails to return at the end of his estimated period of hire, he is first called by phone. If there is no reply, a representative is sent to interview him. Sometimes, however, the address is found to be false and the driving licence stolen. The number of the missing car is then circulated to all drivers, and Pimm keeps it on a label on his windscreen. One day, out on business, he happened to glance down a side street and saw a missing car parked outside a café. He phoned his office for another car and kept watch.

Eventually, a young man of twenty-five came out of the café and unlocked the car door. Pimm introduced himself and asked the young man his name. The young man told him. "That's not *your* name," said Pimm. "It's the name of the man you stole your driving licence from." The young man started to argue. "I intended to keep

Continued on page 30

TAKE IT FROM ME *by* JIMMY EDWARDS

As *Take It From Here*, the B.B.C.'s most popular variety show, goes on the air for its sixth series next week, JOHN BULL presents the happy-go-lucky story of its famous star, Jimmy Edwards. Written by Edwards himself—with typical zest and humour—it is called *Take It From Me*.

Jimmy's autobiography is an intimate and revealing study of the comedian. It tells of his life with Father—a university don—in a family of nine children; his choirboy days at St. Paul's, where he wrote his first play (an epic in which Jimmy killed off the entire cast); his tomfool antics at Cambridge University; his "graduation" into show business, via London's famous Windmill Theatre.

And for the *Take It From Here* fans—ten million of them—there is a hilarious account of the famous radio team at work.

Take It From Me is both amusing and *thrilling* entertainment. The first instalment—in advance of book publication—starts . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Henry Moore carves a puzzle

by ELKAN ALLAN

Triangular arms, heads like knobs —the sculptor's eccentric statues incite abuse, scorn, wonder. And praise that's worth £1,000 a piece

Henry Moore, his wife and daughter Mary pose round one of his figures. Mary's friend looks on

THE GOSSIP in the art world is that Henry Moore, the sculptor, was offered a knighthood in the Festival Honours but turned it down. He is reported to have said that he would not be quite comfortable among some of the other knighted artists, and that they would not be quite happy to have him among them.

Henry Spencer Moore, seventh son of a Yorkshire miner, has been called by Lord Harewood "the world's greatest sculptor." Certainly he is now the most fashionable. He is the only British artist to win the 500,000-lire award at the Venice Biennale Exhibition; the only one to be given a whole floor for a show at the New York Museum of Modern Art; and his latest work, a massive Portland stone panel to decorate a new Bond Street building, is eagerly awaited by the art world.

But though the Tate Gallery and the Arts Council display his work with reverence, "the knighted artists" of the Royal Academy would banish him and his work, along with Picasso, to the flames. "It is an outrage, fit for the dumping ground and nothing else," exclaimed their spokesman, Sir Alfred Munnings, about Moore's "Reclining Figure" at the South Bank exhibition. And in his famous Academy dinner broadcast, Sir Alfred reserved his strongest abuse for Moore.

Moore refused to comment, telling reporters he had not heard the broadcast, but Sir Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, spoke up for him. "Sir Alfred Munnings has informed the British public that Henry Moore exists. The rest of the world has known it for a long time."

Fame and infamy have not altered the shy, dumpy, fifty-three year old Yorkshireman, who has pale blue eyes and a bald patch partly covered by hair brushed forward. His friends, his dealer, and the members of the many committees on which he conscientiously sits, all agree that his dominant quality has always been lack of "side." He treats with equal respect the sycophantic remarks of some of the rich people who buy his work, the rudeness of others who are offended by his strange distortions of the human figure, and the often puzzled respect of those in between.

He lives in a whitewashed seventeenth-century cottage in the village of Perry Green, Hertfordshire, where privileged visitors are taken into the garden where stand two spiky statues with the rough dimensions of men but no human features. They have triangles for arms, involved open-work for bodies and, where the heads should be, two long necks, each crowned with a knob. They are two bronze castings of the same sculpture, mounted in different positions on a movable platform. When asked about the heads, Moore reluctantly explains, in an easily identifiable Yorkshire accent: "Partly I tried to give a sense of upward movement, like a tree growing."

"What The Sea Washed Up"

At the private view of one of his exhibitions, a carpenter was putting away his tools. Amid the hum of the well-dressed crowd, the workman pointed derisively at one intricate, undulating carving and said to his mate: "Look what the sea washed up." Then, after a moment, he added: "But I wish I could use a chisel like that." Moore must have been doubly pleased when he heard this, for he both values the approval of other craftsmen, and draws much of his inspiration from the sea's haphazard shaping of stone and wood.

While he can now command £1,000 for one statue, he has never completely lost the naïvety over money which he took with him on his very first assignment. It was from a café owner in Leeds, who had seen examples of the decorations the sixteen-year-old student had been painting on pottery. He was doing this at his school, Castleford Grammar School, with fairy-tale figures or mottoes and lines of poetry. The café proprietor wanted a set, but before ordering he asked the cost. "Could you give me a quotation?" he asked the thin, raw youth. "Ay," Moore answered. "Would you like it from Shakespeare?"

He was a sound but undistinguished student, and his earliest work was no more distorted than that of the primitive tribes which inspired him. Then, in 1931, he carved a woman in alabaster whose head was as smooth as a billiard ball. Roughly in the centre he scratched a circle inside a circle. "That will work as an eye," he said.

After a few years, he did not bother with the circles, or even with the head. With an apparent disregard for all anatomical realities, he smoothed and rounded stones and blocks of wood as his fancy took him. When the result vaguely suggested a human being, he would title it "Figure." Otherwise, it was just "Composition" or "Carving."

Moore's trade marks are the holes which he often carves in his figures. "A hole itself can have as much shape-meaning as a solid mass. Sculpture in air is possible, where the stone contains only the hole, which is the intended

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

The sculptor at work, surrounded by models of his famous statues. To those who complain that his work is ugly, Henry Moore says: "Vitality, not beauty in the classical sense, is my aim"

and considered form," he has written. Cartoonists have found in the holes a fund of fun about birds' nests, the sale of quantities of air, and games of peep-bo in the art gallery.

Unperturbed, Moore chips steadily away in the converted stables which are his studio. "It shows that the holes have made an effect. But before people tell me what they think when they first glance at my sculpture, I wish they would reflect that I have been thinking about sculpture and the human figure twelve hours a day for twenty years."

Baker Grew Enthusiastic

He works outside as much as he can, and when the local baker first saw the Madonna and Child he was making for St. Matthew's Church, Northampton, he was unimpressed, to put it mildly. But, as work progressed, he saw it on his delivery round each week for five months. By then he was enthusiastic. "All I ask is tolerant goodwill. The rest may follow in time," says Moore.

Though he would not willingly offend anyone, he has stock answers to persistently obtuse inquirers. "It doesn't look like a woman" is likely to be countered with: "If you want to see sculpture that is the exact replica of a human being, go to Madame Tussauds." And for those who complain that his work is ugly, he has written: "For me, a work must first have a vitality of its own. When work has this powerful vitality we do not connect the word beauty with it. Beauty, in the later Greek or Renaissance sense, is not the aim in my sculpture."

His favourite subject is a woman seated or reclining. So far he has drawn, painted and sculpted several thousand such figures with broad bodies and small heads. Fellow-artist Raymond Coxon, who was at art school with him, says that their inspiration may have been Moore's own mother. She was a stolid Yorkshirewoman who once somersaulted head-over-heels from a rocking-chair at the age of seventy. "I'm perfectly all right. I just kept my head down," she told her rescuers. Says Coxon: "And Harry's the same — absolutely imperturbable."

Moore's father left school when he was nine to scare crows at threepence a week. Later, he went down the mines, determined that his children should have a better start. He encouraged them to be teachers, and by the time young Henry grew up, teaching had become the tradition in his family. At the grammar school in his grimy home town of Castleford, the art mistress was a vigorous young woman named Alice Gostick, who perceived that Henry had an unusual talent for drawing. It was just after the start of the first World War and, when a Roll of Honour was required, she bought him a set of tools and asked him to carve the headpieces. When he shyly brought them to her, she cried: "My goodness, Hal, you're a born sculptor!" Today she adds: "I don't understand his work, but he's a fine chap."

Art was considered too risky as a profession, and when he left school he became a pupil teacher for a year. After joining the army, he kept his drawing hand in by taking a correspondence course. Then came the attack at Cambrai by the platoon in which he was a private. Afterwards they were told: "Anyone whose voice is affected, report to the M.O." Moore had found some difficulty in speaking, and the doctor told him that he had been gassed. He came back to England on a stretcher, but recovered sufficiently to finish the war as a physical training instructor.

Flat Broke In Venice

He came out of the army with his mind made up to be a sculptor, and gained grants, first to Leeds School of Art—where he attended all three sessions daily, leaving home at 8.30 in the morning and returning at 11.30 at night—and then to the Royal College of Art in London. He won a travelling scholarship to Italy, but the green Yorkshire lad felt out of place in a country where he did not speak the language.

"The climax came when I arrived in Venice. I was mug enough to let the first uniformed chap at the station take me along to the hotel he represented. It turned out to be the Lido, the most expensive in the town. Unfortunately, I didn't discover that until next morning, and as I didn't have enough money to pay for even one night, I could not escape until more of my grant arrived. So instead of spending three weeks studying Venetian art, I spent three days worrying about the bill. When the money did come, I had only just enough to pay the hotel, and had to come home."

When he had his first big London exhibition in 1931, one critic headlined his report, "New Sculptor Out-Epsteins Epstein," and the *Morning Post* apologized for publishing a photograph of "the least objectionable of his statuary."

He was not discouraged, however. Determination is one of his virtues: when he decided to learn to roller skate in one evening, he kept at it despite never having tried before. "He fell down a hundred times, and was black and blue all over," recalls the friend who was with him. "But he finally managed to get across the rink—and back again." When he is determined to get on with a piece of sculpture, he discards his usual courteous consideration. In the days when he did portrait busts, he once tied a sitter to a broomstick to keep her still.

Studied From The Floor

Nor does he allow convention to stand in his way when he is enthusiastic about a work of art. In the Prado in Madrid, he wanted to study the collection of El Grecos at his leisure. There were no seats, so he sat on the floor. The porter called the head porter, the head porter called the curator, and the curator called the director, but Henry Moore went on sitting and studying. Some time later, chairs were installed at the Prado. And when he wanted to gaze for a long time at the paintings on the ceiling of a church in Assissi, he just lay on the floor.

He likes to touch sculpture as well as look at it. This nearly got him into trouble in an ecclesiastical museum in France. He was fondling one small carving on the wall when it came away in his hand, almost crashing to the ground. While his friends kept watch, he did a quick repair job and stole away.

It was not until the second World War that he became really famous, and then it was not as a sculptor. With the fall of France, he had answered an advertisement calling for skilled

Continued on page 31

At the church door, Locha stopped: she was deathly pale. For a few paralysing seconds, she stared at Father Keogh. Then she turned and fled

The Singer, not the Song

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

As her wedding day drew near, Locha began to receive the letters from Malo. They offered a way of escape

FATHER KEOGH was giving the shelter of his own house to a man who had sworn to destroy him. The villagers of Quantana, in Mexico, could not understand it. It was carrying Christian forgiveness too far, they felt, even though he was trying to save Anacleto Comachi's soul. And it was dangerous to the whole community.

Quantana knew Anacleto as Malo, the Bad One: some people thought he was the Devil himself. There was a timeless physical beauty about him; a sureness of touch, a pitiless artistry in his crimes. He and his gang had run the village for a long time—until Father Keogh had rallied the people and got him jailed for five years.

With a great outburst of relief and joy, the villagers had flocked back to church, for Malo, during his reign of terror, had forbidden them to worship. They fêted the young Irish priest. He had given them back faith and self-respect.

Now Malo was free again—free, and without a future. But the bandit still had one weapon left to use against Father Keogh. He meant to strike at him through a young girl called Locha de Cortinez. She was the daughter of Don Pedro, Quantana's wealthiest landowner, and his gushing American wife, Doña Marian. As a child, Locha had felt a schoolgirlish adoration for Father Keogh. The priest had never noticed it; indeed, he had been worried about a romantic obsession the little girl seemed to have with Malo.

Malo knew this, and thought he could exploit it. Locha was now back in Quantana after five years in America: grown up, disturbingly lovely—and engaged to her cousin, Dyke Brown.

The day she called on the priest, Father Keogh was out. Malo began to speak to her, softly and subtly. She did not love Dyke Brown, he told her. She loved Father Keogh, and always would do. Could she bear to be married to Dyke Brown *by* Father Keogh?

He was talking to gain time. His moment came when he saw Father Keogh pass the window. Then, saying, "If you cannot kiss Father Keogh, kiss me," he drew her to him, savagely.

They were apart when Father Keogh entered the room, but the atmosphere told its own story. Locha could scarcely speak to the priest. She excused herself and left.

PART 6

Quantana Begins To Talk

THE PRIEST was among the first to hear the gossip about Locha and Malo. Señora Pereira, Señora Martinez, Señora Solano and Señora Rodriguez called upon him. They sat in a polite little circle in his tiny room.

"Father, perhaps you have not heard. . . ."

"I've heard," Father Keogh interrupted

JIMMY EDWARDS—ARNHEM D.F.C.

COMEDIAN Jimmy Edwards, whose autobiography *Take It From Me* is to be serialized in JOHN BULL next week, had a distinguished wartime career in the R.A.F.

It was distinguished in more ways than one. For Jimmy's irrepressible humour and determination to be a pilot —or bust—landed him into many scrapes. One exasperated C.O. exploded: "Edwards, you're unfit to sweep a hangar!"

Three years later Jimmy was to win himself a D.F.C. on a daring flight over Arnhem, dropping supplies to besieged British paratroopers. A graphic account of how his plane was attacked by a

Focke-Wulf, set on fire, and crashed behind the enemy lines is told in *Take It From Me.*

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wearily. "And I think that we oughtn't to encourage such talk."

"We are not encouraging it, Father." Señora Martinez's metal sharp voice was reproving. "We are trying to do the opposite. That's why we've come to you."

"He smiles at her in the most impertinent manner," Señora Pereira told him. "He stands in the doorway of Porfirio's bar, and those other brutes join him and leer at her."

"Well," said Father Keogh, "they've probably taken a fancy to her. After all, she's a pretty girl."

"He had the effrontery to address her in the street. He asked her whether her wedding was going to take place after all."

"That doesn't sound very impertinent."

"Is it any of his business?"

"Possibly not, but then an interest in a local wedding isn't necessarily confined to the aristocracy, Señora Martinez."

"The girl has set herself out to challenge the man's attraction for her," Señora Martinez explained. "We thought it our duty to warn you, Father."

They rose with a dignified unity and went in single file out of the house.

FATHER KEOGH waited for a while, and then he went out to Porfirio's bar. He was told that Malo was upstairs, and he ignored the winks and the rolling of eyes that followed the information.

He took the steps two at a time and knocked at the door. The voice of Maria, Malo's mistress, called out, "Come in." Father Keogh went into the room.

Maria lay on the bed, and Malo was beside her. His hand rested lightly on her hip. She put her hands behind her head, thrusting her deep breasts forward. Her eyes were insolent.

"Well, Father, I did not expect to see you in a lady's bedroom," Malo said.

Father Keogh nearly lost his temper. He said—and it was the first time he had ever addressed Malo sharply—"I've had about enough of this. You know that if there are any complaints about you, you won't be allowed to stay. And there have been complaints. You, Señorita," he said to Maria. "Haven't you any influence over him? Do you approve of his making eyes at an innocent girl all day?" And to Malo: "If you cause Señorita de Cortinez the slightest annoyance, I shall inform the chief of police that you are making a nuisance of yourself."

He turned and walked out of the room. He heard their laughter as he closed the door.

At night Locha lay trying to recapture Malo's smile. She could remember the others—Porfirio's, Vito's, and the Jeep's, but she could never remember his. She could see them wriggle across the ceiling. They made a weird procession, a queer little earthworm retinue; just the smiles detached from the faces, closed lips that might have been fleshy pink slugs. Malo's was always missing, and the others appeared to be lost without it, claiming its leadership.

The next day she slid him a look when she passed him by. She held his eyes and stared back defiantly at him. She thought: I must try to remember it. But at night she forgot it again.

Josefa sat up with her, scolding her. "Why do you look at him, if it takes away your sleep? A fine way for a young bride to behave!"

"I am not a bride yet," Locha answered her crisply. "Kindly don't marry me off before you've got to—it makes me feel immoral."

"Don't think I haven't noticed—you're more like my own child, aren't you? When was it you last took Holy Communion? I'll tell you——" She counted backwards. "It wasn't since the day you got back. And when was it you went to confession last? Well, you haven't been since you got back."

"I'm a 'lapser,'" Locha said.

"I don't understand that kind of talk. I don't know what it means, but what I do know is that you don't *dare* to go to confession. A nice thing! You can't face the padre, that's what it is. And I know why. You would have to confess to the Bad One, wouldn't you?"

LOCHA put her hands behind her head. "Josefa, have you ever loved anybody?" she said.

"Bless the saints! Have I loved anybody? Aren't you more my own child than your mother's child?"

"No, I mean a man."

"Well, yes, there was a German once."

"How long ago was it? When?"

"*A fe mia*! I forget, I was young."

"Then you couldn't have loved him very much."

"Oh yes, I loved him," Josefa said. "But I pushed him right out of my mind, of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"Because he was not meant for me."

"What was the matter with him? Was he mad or married?"

"He was something to do with a bank." Josefa was indignant when Locha laughed. "It was a very fine position. He was the señor first accountant."

"Josefa, darling, I am sure he was. I'm not making fun of you—really I'm not. It's just—well, it's just that it must be so nice to know that someone's not meant for you—and, well—know that someone's not meant for you." She became serious at Josefa's face. "All I mean is, that sometimes the more people aren't meant for us, the more we want them, and it isn't everybody who has the strength to put them out of their minds."

"Señorita, I shall speak to the priest."

"Yes, honey—do. Do speak to the priest. And tell him everything I said, but tell him especially what I've just said. Tell him 'the more someone isn't meant for us, the more we want them.' Josefa, did you sleep with your German?"

"Bless the saints!"

"It's all right, Josefa, I see that you did. You were lucky to sleep with your German."

"Señorita! Señorita!" Josefa stood up.

"Sit down. You lay in his arms, didn't you? Even if it was only for a few hours now and again—even if he's forgotten, you haven't—you lay in his arms and you felt his breath. You were lucky, Josefa."

Josefa went out of the room. At the door she turned back.

"Most definitely I shall speak to the priest," she said.

THE next morning Father Keogh went up to see Locha. She was in the heavy Spanish bedroom writing wedding invitations. On the bureau a dutiful portrait of Dyke Brown stood, and under it the little war-god that Malo had carved for her.

Father Keogh looked steadily at her. "That doesn't strike me as being a suitable expression for a bride."

"What would you like instead?"

"A happier one, perhaps." She forced a deliberate smile at him. "That won't do, either," he said. There was a heavy scent attached to her. She drew her chin from his hands, and sat back in her chair. She pushed a box of cigarettes towards him. He took one and lit it, and said: "How much do you love that young man?"

"Which one?" She picked up the war-god and showed it to him. He tipped his cigarette towards Dyke Brown's photograph. "Oh, that one! He's charming," she said.

Father Keogh studied her face. It was paler and thinner, and she did not meet his eyes. But it was none of these things that worried him. It was a faint resemblance to something of which he disapproved. Then he recognized it. There was the hard-boiled look of Doña Marian, powder thin across her face.

"When you came back, your mother said you were in love with this boy. What's happened to change all that?"

"Has something changed it?"

"Obviously. You're not happy about it now." He suddenly leant forward and sniffed at her. "You used not to wear that perfume."

"It's 'Pagan Heaven'—don't you like it? Mother's always swamped in it."

He said simply: "Locha, I've loved you ever since you were a child. You were my very special little friend, and I hope you're still my friend."

She made no reply and he told her gently: "One of the things I should like most in the world is to feel assured of your happiness."

She asked him: "Would you like a drink?"

"No, thank you very much."

"I hope you don't mind if I do," She mixed herself a strong one. "Oh, please don't look so shocked, Father. After all, I am grown up."

"I was just thinking how young you were, and how like your mother you've become." He sat

Continued on page 25

For Children's Hour, George Cansdale takes a baby fawn and a baby chimpanzee to TV's Lime Grove studios. He is helped by Zoo girl Glenda Smith

George Cansdale brings the jungle to TV

by LISA MOYNIHAN

Television's Zoo Man is always being bitten, but he never gets ruffled—even when a frightened skunk hits back at him

A FEW WEEKS AGO, George Cansdale, superintendent of the London Zoo and television's animal expert, was showing viewers a poisonous adder. At rehearsal the deadly snake had lain disappointingly still and, to introduce a little action into the programme, Cansdale decided to give it a slight poke.

"If you can just get it to move along the table a little, that would be fine," said George Noordhof, the producer. When the programme went on the air, Cansdale gave it a slight nudge. Like lightning, it reared up and slithered to the floor. Viewers imagined its fangs bared and hissing, and the newspaper headlines next day announced: "POISONOUS SNAKE LOOSE IN STUDIO."

"In fact, it was at large for only five seconds, and a keeper had it safely in his hand almost immediately," said Cansdale when he saw the headlines. "All the same, that's one bite I'm glad I didn't get."

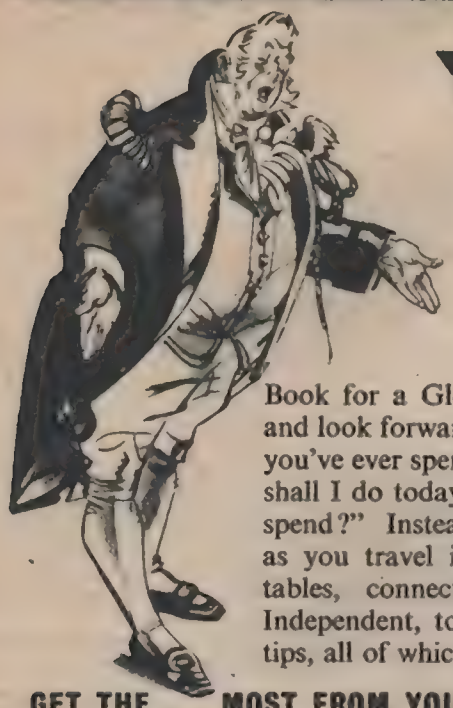
He is used to dangerous bites. An Indian fruit bat recently mistook his tie for a piece of fruit and gave him a sharp nip on the back of his hand when he tried to disengage it. The programme was interrupted while he wiped the blood from his finger.

"I simply can't say how many times I've been bitten—it just doesn't register," he says. In addition, he has been boxed with and knocked over by a bear, beaten about by a fierce duck, buffeted by a goat, struck by the wing of an eagle and spat at by a cobra. He will no longer handle kestrels or falcons without a padded leather glove.

"You can usually guess the sort of accident that will happen from the rehearsal," Noordhof says. "And if we see that something may liven the programme, George is usually sport enough to take the risk."

Cansdale's training for the job includes fourteen years of "bringing 'em back alive" from West Africa, where he was employed as a forestry officer. He is not a zoologist, and his work at the Zoo is mainly administrative.

Now forty-two years old, inclining to plumpness and with his close-cropped hair and moustache turning grey, Cansdale has a permanent reminder of how dangerous the job of investigating animals at close quarters can be. The top joint of his left forefinger has been missing



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Before a rehearsal, Cansdale discusses one of his specimens with George Noordhof, the producer. Nobody can predict how his pets will behave

since 1938. "I found it a mistake to pick up a burrowing viper," he says, briefly.

He began televising with animals when he joined the London Zoo in 1948. But it was not until two years later that S. J. de Lotbinière, head of TV Outside Broadcasting, asked him to prepare a programme with a single theme, in place of the rather haphazard trips round the Zoo which had previously been tried. Cansdale suggested *Animal Armour*, a collection of examples of natural camouflage.

The Spitting Cobra

"This first programme was very nearly my last. We showed an armadillo, a crested porcupine and a gaboon viper without any trouble. But then came a spitting cobra, and it really did spit.' John Ellison, who was sharing the commentating with me, and I had to put on protective goggles. Fortunately, unbroken skin is not harmed by the cobra's defence, but it can seriously damage eyes.

"Then came the skunk. I thought that its scent glands had been surgically removed. But it was just about to be handed up to me during rehearsal when it sensed danger and put its defence into operation. It was like being hit by a brick wall. Everybody in the studio was overcome by complete nausea, and the rehearsal had to stop.

"I had often read of reactions to this animal, but this was my first experience of it. I said at the time that it was fortunate that it happened only at rehearsal—but I've realized since that it's unrehearsed incidents like this which liven a programme. Viewers would not be likely to forget the skunk's armour if they had seen *us*!"

In a programme from the reptile house, Cansdale introduced a large gecko from India, a nocturnal lizard with sucker feet on which it can walk even on ceilings.

"The feet performed all right. We had a pane of clean glass through which viewers could watch them. But then I boasted about its teeth. They are blunt and smooth, ideal for crushing small prey. I suggested that Wynford Vaughan Thomas, who was with me, could safely put his fingers inside the enormous mouth. Trustingly he did so. By bad luck, the gecko's jaws closed like a pair of pliers on his finger, and they had to be prised open."

In July, 1951, the programmes were moved from the Zoo to Lime Grove studios. Cansdale was asked to plan a series for Alexandra Palace of six one-man illustrated talks of fifteen minutes each. Perhaps, said TV chiefs cautiously, there might be a further series, if the demand warranted it.

Requests for "more Zoo Man, please" poured in. But Cansdale gives all the credit to the animals who put up a good performance. Two jerboas, or desert rats, became one-night stars in *Animals In The Desert* He had taken along a tortoise and put him comfortably in a sand pit Then he laid down the desert rats and began to talk about them.

The rats took one look at the tortoise and decided that it was a deadly enemy. With their fore feet they piled the sand over it until it was completely hidden. Then they bulldozed it as hard as they could with their little blunt noses.

"This amused viewers so much that a repeat performance was ordered for a later programme, but the jerboas just wouldn't play."

Animals' Roll-call

Since the present series began, Cansdale has brought from the Zoo more than a hundred different types of animals and birds. The programmes are now fortnightly on Saturdays at 8.30—a peak viewing time.

Cansdale, the animals and their keepers are at the studio by five o'clock for rehearsal.

Before they leave the Zoo by van or car they have a roll-call to see that all are present. This is a recent innovation, for they once arrived to find they had forgotten a potto (a short-tailed lemur from West Africa), and Cansdale had to alter his carefully planned time schedule.

He is glad to reassure viewers who stop him at the Zoo and ask whether the animals suffer from the intensive light and heat of the studio. "The appearance under cameras is so brief that it doesn't affect even those who don't like the light."

A penguin surprisingly enjoyed his brief spell under the cameras and

Continued on page 30

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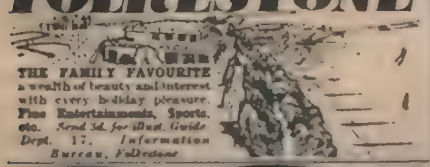

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ACT OF MERCY

by ***FRANCIS TUSTIN***

ILLUSTRATED BY TISDALL

It began innocently enough—he had found an injured man on the marsh and taken him home. Now he was up to his eyes in trouble

AWAY OVER THE WIDE ESTUARY the light was ghostly white, and overhead the sky was still star-spangled. The draining dykes intersecting the marsh were skinned with ice, and the cold was intense.

The cross-bred spaniel went ahead over the plank bridge crossing the nearest dyke that ran inland from below the river wall. On the other side the dog was suddenly rigid, frozen with raised fore-paw. Some yards in front of him, a derelict, corrugated-iron roofed shed, once used for lambing, was the only feature in a vast monotony of frosted stubble.

Jim Bolt slipped back the safety catch of his old twelve bore. It might be a hare! The dog whined and gave a short yap, and then trotted a few paces towards the shed, backed a little and sat down. The man followed over the plank.

The dog's behaviour was peculiar. It didn't act like this for a hare. Jim snapped his fingers, and as Nick looked back, amber eyes questioning, he pointed to the shed. The dog ran round to the other side and began to bark madly, the corrugated iron catching the sound and flinging it, vibrating, far over the marsh.

Jim followed Nick. There was no door to the shed, and in the raw east light he saw a man lying inside, against the farther wall.

The man said: "Keep that damn' dog off, can't you?"

"He won't touch you."

The man was young. On his dead-white face a handlebar moustache was grotesquely gallant and incongruous. His body cringed in a belted mackintosh plastered with black Thames mud.

"Is anything the matter?" Jim asked. "Are you hurt?"

"It's my leg." The man hooked his fingers over an edge of boarding and stood up, with an effort. One soaking, muddy trouser leg was ripped open. There was a long gash over his shin. "A blasted iron stake or something."

"The war defences on the wall. Here, let's have a look." Jim went on one knee and pulled the torn trouser aside gingerly. "That's nasty. No good tying it up . . . better get some antiseptic on it, and damn' soon, too. That iron is rusty and foul."

The man winced and groaned slightly. He had extraordinarily pale eyes, now pink with strain. Jim put a hand under his armpit. "Take it easy, better sit down. Cigarette?"

He took out a battered packet. The other cupped blue, trembling fingers round the match Jim struck for him, and sucked greedily.

"How did you get out here at this hour?" Jim asked.

The young man inhaled deeply. "I was hiking over the marsh. Lost my way and then it got dark. I've been here all night."

Jim said nothing. He had known the marsh day and night for more than fifty years. This youngster wasn't tough. Wet through and with a nasty injury like that . . . the shed could not keep out the cruel, bitter cold. He couldn't have been here throughout the night. He was no hiker, either.

"Do you think you can walk if I help?" Jim asked.

"I'll have a go."

But the injured leg had stiffened hopelessly.

"I'll take you on my back," Jim said. "You hold the gun."

Jim was powerfully built, but soon the sweat ran freely. The young man was a dead weight—slack, silent. A mile inland, a terrace of houses had emerged from the mist, unexpected and stark like a grey barrack block on a huge forlorn parade ground.

"Where are we going?" the man asked suddenly. "Not to those houses! I don't want——"

"You're all right," Jim said. "I keep a pub. Over there by the trees." He pointed. Half a mile to the right of the Victorian industrial dwellings, built miles from the town on waste, damp ground, the public house stood by itself.

"A pub! Thank God for that, anyhow."

"We can both do with a drink after this."

THE BAR PARLOUR was frowsy with beer and stale shag, but a big coal fire glowed cheerfully. Jim went down to the cellar and came back with two pints drawn from the barrel. The man gulped his greedily. When Jim came back with hot water, antiseptic and some strips of linen, the stranger was leaning back on his chair with closed eyes. He had taken off his mackintosh. He wore a yellow tie decorated with the painted figure of a girl. He looked utterly weary—a forlorn travesty of jauntiness.

The cut was long and deep—to the bone, Jim judged. He bathed it, the young man groaning, eyes closed.

"Take it easy," Jim said. He studied the wound. "Better get a doctor to look at it."

"I don't want a doctor." The eyes came open suddenly. "You tie it up and I'll get going."

"Don't be a fool," Jim said. "It might be days before you can walk on that."

"Days? I can't stay here. . . ."

Jim stood up, wiping his hands on the towel. "A few nights ago," he said slowly, "a car without lights passed me on the track that ends on the marsh. At three o'clock this morning I heard a car engine. We don't own cars on the marsh and the roads lead nowhere."

"So what?"

"Why were you on the marsh?"

"I tell you I was hiking."

"Do you want help or not?"

The man's eyes were shifting, uncertain, and

Jim glanced up and gasped. A policeman stood silently at the door, looking directly at him

The dog was barking madly. His gun at the ready, Jim turned the corner of the shed. Inside, a young man was lying, his back against the wall

then suddenly defiant. "O.K. then, it's nylons, drink—anything off the boats going in on the night tides. Satisfied?"

Jim was silent. The marsh men were strange stock, the descendants of Irish labourers, mixed with gipsy, a dash of colour from deserting seamen, and only a few like himself, blue-eyed, heavy—of ancient Saxon stock. The marsh had been a no-man's-land of the lost, the forgotten, the wild and resentful. Times had changed, but heredity was strong. He himself took hare and wild duck where there were no shooting rights, and timber and anything else from washed-up boats. He did not analyse the morality of it; the marsh and everything on it belonged to the marsh men.

But this organized racket was different. He saw it dimly as an offence, not against the law, but against the natural order of the marsh. But it wasn't for him to judge.

"Off the steamers?" he queried. "How?"

The man's eyes had closed again. "We use a rubber dinghy—it's carried in the car. I'm the mug," he said bitterly, and for the second time his eyes opened suddenly. "There were some cops in a launch up near the estuary. The others on the bank saw it and scrammed. I had to paddle into the shallows."

His face screwed up. He looked very young and badly scared. "Why the hell am I telling you? Listen, guv'nor—listen . . . what am I going to do? They'll pick me up."

Jim looked at the twisted, corrupt face with dislike, repugnance, and a kind of pity.

"Do? Why. . . ." He made up his mind quickly. "Stay here for a day or so to give that leg a chance and then get out—the sooner the better."

"But the dicks?"

"You'll be safe enough upstairs. I live alone."

Throughout the day the injured man lay upstairs in the attic. His presence was an oppressive incubus on Jim's mind, the more so because pity had betrayed common sense. After the afternoon closing, Jim took up an oil stove and some dinner.

The young man, covered by a blanket, lay on a mattress in a bare room, in which there was nothing else except a packing case and a broken chair. The floor was littered with cigarette ends and the room sour with tobacco smoke. He took the plate. He was considerably more cheerful, even jaunty. "Duck! Well I'm the lucky boy!"

"There'll be a bit of hare tonight," Jim said with a touch of pride.

"Hare? I'll be damned! You do yourself well."

"I reckon I do."

Propped against the wall, the man began to eat ravenously. "You shoot 'em?" He grinned. "Got no permit, I'll bet. Poached. You're a sly one, guv'."

"Use your mouth for eating," Jim said harshly.

Just after half past ten that night, the local constable looked in, propping his bicycle by the back door as usual. It was raining and in the public bar the policeman swung off his glistening cape, bringing with him his own particular aroma of damp serge. He was a stocky, mild-eyed man of about Jim's age.

Jim nodded, said nothing and went down to the cellar and drew a pint. When he came back, the policeman, his helmet pushed back, was stirring the glowing coals with the toe of his heavy boot.

"Here you are, Jack," Jim said.

The constable cocked an eye at the clock and grinned. A drink between friends, not paid for—all was in order, the grin was ritual.

Jim waited uneasily. For all his mildness, Jack was sharp. He wondered if anything was known yet about the man upstairs.

The constable put down his empty glass. "Thanks, Jim. Everything all-Sir-Garnett?"

"Sure, Jack."

The constable swung on his cape. "Seen any strangers around, Jim?"

"Strangers? No. Why?"

"Nothing to worry about. You just let me know if you see anyone strange about the place."

That night, for the first time in years, Jim slept badly. He was a fool—why hadn't he told Jack? He was aware of the man in the attic immediately above him, as a tangible weight pressing downwards in the darkness.

Next morning when Jim examined the wound, he saw, with relief, that it was beginning to heal.

At dusk, he found the young man at the little window, peering down at the darkening road.

"Come away from there," he said sharply, "and put out the stove—I told you about the glow."

The man turned, grinning. "O.K., landlord, don't panic."

"How's that leg? Can you walk on it?"

"A few yards, that's all."

"Look here. By tomorrow night I want you

out of here. You can go across the fields to the London road."

"And get picked up by the dicks. I'll stay a bit. I like it here."

"If you're picked up it's your business. I want you out of here tomorrow night."

The man limped a step or two and subsided on the mattress. When he spoke again, the slick assurance had gone from his voice. "You know, guv', I'm grateful to you. If I get out of this there'll be something for you—but I've got to lay low for a bit. Have a heart, guv'."

"You go tomorrow night," Jim said tonelessly. He went downstairs. His heart was heavy. He now felt no pity and he regretted his action bitterly. He was in too deep now. He was hiding a wanted man and he had lied to the police.

The constable did not call in that night and there was something peculiarly disturbing to Jim in this break in routine. But next afternoon just after closing time, Jack Pearce came. His manner a shade heavier than usual, he said: "I want a word with you, Jim."

"All right, Jack—how about a pint?"

The constable shook his head. "Not now." He stood, cycle-clipped legs slightly apart. "Contraband off the up-river boats has been run in over the marsh, Jim." His voice automatically keyed to a flat, official chant. "On Tuesday in the small hours, a police launch encountered a man in a rubber dinghy. The man got away in the darkness. The Yard picked up one of the big boys in London, who informed. The man who escaped, one William Moore, has not reached the hide-out in London and is believed to be still in the district."

JIM picked up a cloth and began rubbing the bar counter. "You mean he may be still on the marsh?"

"Perhaps, and if so he doesn't stand a chance. A mouse couldn't get through without a check-up. Every scrap of cover up to the London road is being searched." He slipped an easing finger inside his collar. "A pub is a marked place in a way, Jim," he said slowly, "but I told the inspector you were a pal of mine, and that I'd just drop in and have a glance round the place, friendly like."

Jim was aware of the muffled tick of the clock, suddenly, and it was like the beat of his heart. He said, at last: "Is it necessary, Jack?"

The constable's eyes came back to his and they were warm, uneasy. He knew that in the house there might be something he couldn't ignore—duck and a hare or two.

"If you say all's-Sir-Garnett, so it is," Jack Pearce said. "Well, I'll be getting along." At the door, he turned. "This bloke Moore's dangerous. In the shallows he struck a constable who fell and caught his head on a stake. Nasty injury—may be serious. I should bolt your doors tonight, Jim."

After the constable had gone, Jim stood for a while, staring at the door. He should have told Jack Pearce at first, but the time for that had gone. He was an accessary now.

He went upstairs. Moore was sitting on the mattress, his hands out to the oil stove.

Jim said: "William Moore, in two and a half hours' time it will be dark. I'll give you that long—then get out of here."

Moore was quite still, his eyes narrowing uneasily. "Not so fast, landlord," he said. "I told you I like it here."

"If you are still here at six o'clock, I go for the police."

Moore moistened his lips. "Why, you're in it up to here." He touched his neck with the edge of a flattened hand. "Hiding one of the boys . . . and what about that poaching, eh?"

"You little rat," Jim said.

"Maybe, and a rat squeals." Moore leaned back against the wall. "You'd take a rap for hiding me and another for poaching."

Jim stiffened with rage and then disgust at his own helplessness.

Watching him, Moore said, reasonably: "I told you I was grateful." He got up and stood, hands in pockets. "I was on the stairs. I heard what that copper said. You want to get me picked up and leave you in the clear, eh?" His voice pitched higher. "Well, you won't be if they get me, see."

Jim clenched his fists. He could break this boy's neck with a twist of his fingers. He steadied himself. "I gave you a chance," he said, "God knows why. Now I'm giving you another—this time to save my skin, not yours. If you want to squeal, do so. Six o'clock I said. If you're not out of it by then, I'll take you to the police myself."

Jim could not wait in the house. Taking Nick, he went across the marsh to the river wall. When he scrambled up the steep, slippery grass bank, the last sallow day-gleam was dying up-river. The surface of the darkening water moved with a stealthy, oily swell over the currents running in fast, deep in murky channels. It was bitterly cold. He could hear the water gurgling, regurgitating with the swell, through the conduit a hundred yards away.

He sat down facing the shrouded Essex shore, and put his arm round Nick, glad of the feel of the dog against him. The policeman Moore had injured . . . Suppose he died! At the sound that escaped Jim's lips, the dog twitched and cocked his ears.

If he had to turn Moore in, at least it would end this fearful anxiety. Jack Pearce had given him a clean ticket . . . He had betrayed old Jack's friendship. The thought of that was more bitter than his fear.

When at last he retraced his steps, there was a faint luminescence in the darkness; obscure moon reflection from the upper surface of the vaporous clouds. It must be getting on for six o'clock. He could see the lamp in the parlour, a winking yellow star; but it gave no welcome.

INSIDE the house, he took the lamp and went up to the attic. Moore had gone. The room smelt sour and he opened the window. There was nothing to do but open up the bars and wait.

Soon after six, a few customers came into the public bar. Pints of mild, a little desultory talk, the thud of darts—the unchanging evening routine. He tried to put Moore out of his mind. By eight o'clock, he found it impossible. If the man was not yet taken, he was out there in the darkness somewhere, in the wide ploughed land, or the thorn scrubs rising to the London road. How could he have imagined that Moore stood a chance of getting through? It was impossible.

Two young fellows were in the bar parlour. They were strumming the old piano—jangling harshly in his brain. Jim looked at the clock. By nine o'clock he would know. Nine was zero hour. He had told himself that, because of the desperate need to set some definite limit to this unbearable tension.

And then it was ten o'clock. "Time, gents," he said. "Time . . . Time. Come along now, drink up."

At half past ten, he was clearing up in the public bar when the door opened. His heart contracted. He put down the glasses he was holding very carefully on the bar before looking up slowly. He saw Pearce standing at the door, looking directly at him. Somehow, it was the high, domed helmet that frightened him. His released breath came in a sort of gasp.

After a moment he said: "Evening, Jack."

"Evening." Pearce's cape was folded over his shoulder. He eased it. "And a damn' good one, too—we've caught Moore." The constable's voice was flat, his face stolid and unreadable.

"Moore?" Jim's voice was tight in his throat. "You mean the man you——"

"Yes. I had an idea and I thought I'd look along the dry ditch by the London road with my flashlight. He didn't make a fight—he came out quietly."

PEARCE laid his cape on the bar. Silence between them lengthened unbearably for Jim. He said: "This—this chap Moore, on the marsh all that time. . . . How could he . . ?"

"That's just it." Pearce looked down at his feet, lifting the toes of his boots. "He was in the full light of my lamp and I noticed something about him. I said: 'So you found a hide-out, Moore.' He said: 'I've been living easy, on the fat of the land, copper.'"

Pearce looked at Jim, his eyes quiet but shrewd. "Then I said to Moore: 'At the station they'll ask you where you've been hiding, and they won't take your word against that of a decent man. I must caution you, there might be another charge against you—breaking in and burglary.' Moore said: 'I get it, he's a pal of yours.' Then he added a strange thing, Jim. 'You don't need to scare me, I'm human, aren't I? I can repay a good turn as well as another. Where have I been? That's my blue pencil business.'"

Warmth and incredulous relief sweeping through him, turning his stomach to jelly, Jim said: "How—how did you know, Jack?"

Jack Pearce smiled grimly. "On the night he got away there was blood on the bank, and when he came out of the ditch he was limping badly. I looked at his legs. I'd know those old trousers with the patch on the knee, anywhere, Jim. You're a damn' fool." He lifted his chin, stretching his neck muscles. "Thirsty work, that. Beer run out, Jim?"

Jim's heart moved, full and warm. "I'll say not—I'll say not, Jack," he said.

THE END

TAKE MY TIP

A FAVOURITE vase which has broken can be made to hold flowers again, without leaking. I stick the fragments together up to the widest part of the vase, and then insert a jam jar of suitable size, and complete the rebuilding around it. Crumpled newspaper wedged between the two vessels will prevent the inside jar from rattling.—Mrs. Phelp, London, W.3.

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I COME TO KILL

Continued from page 9

in a backward country," Klaus said as he threw away the match.

Wondering whether an accusation of his, or an admission of their mutual, or only of Klaus's foreign citizenship lay behind the remark, Denton inspected Klaus in the full light. It was the same face all right. That sharp, unkindly, geometric nose could not be duplicated. And the eyes still had the look of having just been opened with an effort after the eyelids had been gummed together. But, perhaps because it was no longer perched above the threat of a uniform, his face seemed to lack much of its former bitterness.

"Please make your home here," Klaus said, using the conventional Castilian courtesy, and indicated that Denton should seat himself. As Denton sat down he remembered the last remark which Klaus had made to him in Paris. "You may not have screamed today, but I rather think that you will do so tomorrow unless you come to your senses and talk." Perhaps the only reason that he had not screamed the next day was that overnight Klaus had been temporarily summoned to Lyons. By the time Klaus came back, he himself had been transferred to a prison camp in Germany.

"AH, there she is," Klaus exclaimed as a window opposite lit up and a girl leaned out, her long hair hanging. "She is so very beautiful, is she not? If I had been younger, I think that I should have been tempted to try to make love to her. But now I am old enough to know that if one touches a woman's beauty one will be tempted to touch it again, and if one touches it too often, one will make it disappear. But if we do not touch it we can go on enjoying it as long as it lasts, and if we see it only once we can go on enjoying it as long as *we* last. And that is why I shall now pull down the blind—because if I look too long at that young woman tonight, I shall enjoy her less tomorrow."

"You are right, sir." Watching Klaus pull down the blind, Denton was surprised that a man who could so accurately assess the bite of pain could also plot so delicately the graph of pleasure.

"The last time I received a visit from an insurance agent was in Paris," Klaus said as he came back from the window. "His name, curiously enough, was Monsieur Sépulcre, which surely goes to prove that in the midst of life we are in death."

"*More so than you think, Otto Erik Klaus,*" Denton wanted to say, and then go on to recite his prepared piece about the other kind of agents in the Ariège. But he wished to find out first whether Klaus was married or not, and whether there was a servant somewhere in the house, and he said nothing, and drew his gloved hands into the shadow of his open jacket, so that Klaus should not notice them too soon.

"And in the midst of death we are in life," Klaus exclaimed as the door opened and a little girl in a pink frock came running into the brightness of the room. "No need to talk about life-insurance policies for you yet, is there, my darling?" he said, as he caught the child in his arms and lifted her high into the air. "This, sir, is the kind of beauty that can be touched without danger." And as Denton looked up at the chortling little girl, he saw that she was the child whom he had spoken to on the terrace of the café, and that her mother was standing behind her, cool and slender.

For a little, Klaus held his daughter above his head, and it was not until her father had lowered her to the ground again that she recognized Denton. She gave a squeal of delight.

"Mamma, it's the nice man from the café," she said in German, and asked Denton in the same language: "Are you German, too?"

"*Nein, no lo soy,*" Denton said in a bilingual mix-up.

The child's mother came closer, and

they all stood round the little girl, smiling at her with the eager indulgence of grown-ups.

"You must be sorry not to be a German," the little girl said in Spanish. "Spaniards are nice, but Germans are nicer. Tickle, tickle," she said as she inserted her forefinger into the aperture above the button of his gloves. "Gentlemen do not wear gloves in the houses of other gentlemen. It's as rude as wearing your hat," she said as she undid the button and gave a tug at the glove.

"Please, you mustn't do that," Denton said, but the jerk he made to withdraw his hand only left the tips of the loosened fingers more securely in the little girl's grip, and off the glove came.

He tried to close his fist at once, but even as he bent his fingers inwards he saw that Klaus had seen the purple weals where his nails had formerly been.

The little girl saw them, too. "You naughty man," she said. "You've been biting your nails."

Denton was surprised at his inability to look Klaus in the face. As he looked instead at his wife's pale green dress he heard the obersturmbannfuehrer say in a very deliberately untroubled voice: "Come, Maria. You must leave the gentleman and me alone for a little. We have much to discuss."

But before the child would allow herself to be led away by her mother, she raised her tiny, earnest face to Denton's.

"Promise me to come and say good night to me in bed, then," she said.

"Why come down here to smoke all by yourself? Your mother and I will always be pleased to join you. Now then, let's inhale again . . ."

DENTON was so moved that he could not speak, and it was Klaus who had to promise for him. Even when the child and her mother had left the room, Denton did not look at Klaus. As an excuse for not raising his head, he began pulling on his glove.

"In the midst of life we are in death, eh?" Klaus was now talking the same throaty French he had used when he had interrogated Denton in the Rue des Saussaies. "I was more apt than I thought, eh? There is just one thing I should like to know. By whom shall I have the honour of being killed?"

The question shocked Denton so much that he was unable to be astonished by Klaus's apparent acceptance of his fate. He brought his eyes back to Klaus's face because he knew that he would still be able to hate a monster, but the face which confronted him was the tired, unhappy face of an over-worked lawyer or clergyman.

"Do you mean to say that there were so many?" he asked.

"If I were not afraid of being thought a coward, I should say that I am sorry and ashamed, but because of that fear I shall not say so."

"Will it help you if I tell you that my name is Denton—Harold Peterson Denton, major, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry?"

"Ah, yes. I remember. You have changed a lot, but perhaps that is not altogether extraordinary. The landing grounds in the Sarthe, was it not?"

"It was not. It was the names of our agents in the Ariège. I'll tell you them now, if you want me to; they were Donaldson and Muplat and Garner. Muplat you know about, because you got him in the end." But his hatred began to run out of him as he saw the humility on Klaus's face, and he had to look at the incandescent mantle, glowing like an absurdly lighted-up cone of ice-cream, in order to be able to go on. "There were also Greene and Mahoney and Everasse. I want you to know that I've come to settle their account as well." Inside his jacket pocket he was already covering Klaus with his revolver.

BUT Klaus made no attempt to defend himself. "I remember them also." He brought his cold, unhappy face close to Denton's. "I do not think that I shall be able to allow you to torture me to death, because I am afraid that I should not be as brave as you and your friends. And if I screamed, my wife and the neighbours would be alerted and the police would quickly come."

"I am glad to see that even you realize that death's too good for you." The phrase sounded adequate, although Denton had heard many fools say it. "And you needn't think that you're going to get off because you've got a pretty little daughter."

"I think nothing," Klaus said. "It was for your own sake that I was suggesting that it would be better if you shot me."

Denton nodded. With a trembling hand he drew out his revolver and laid the muzzle against Klaus's chest.

"Not there," Klaus said. "Here, at the temple. There is a hollow." He himself guided Denton's hand. "I presume that the revolver is noiseless. If it is not, you may find it difficult to escape."

"The revolver is noiseless. Now perhaps you'd better say you're sorry to God."

"I have said that long ago," Klaus answered quickly. "Although I have no right to make a request of you, I am going to do so. If you are caught, you will no doubt say that you killed me out of revenge. But please do not say that I tortured."

"My hands will surely be evidence of that."

"Please. Perhaps you could say that another German did that. For my wife's sake. For my daughter's sake. You see, they do not know that I did these things. They think that it is only because I was an S.S. that I am hiding in Spain. Please. I should like to leave at least two good memories of me behind in the world."

"All right. I promise."

"In that case, I think that I am ready now."

With his finger on the trigger, Denton took a last look at Klaus's face; it was filled with loneliness, and the thick, blubbery lips seemed to be trying to murmur against time all the prayers they had forgotten to say in life; from the half-closed eyes there came a squeeze of tears, and as he watched one of them roll down to Klaus's nose, Denton suddenly saw the obersturmbannfuehrer as he stood before the Father—a forsaken, middle-aged man, quivering with fear and remorse. Carruthers had been right after all. Men who did cruel things to other men did even more cruel things to themselves

"You win, Herr Obersturmbannfuehrer," he said as he pocketed his revolver. "Or perhaps you lose. I wouldn't know. Anyway, I am not going to kill you."

There seemed to be no relief in Klaus's expression as he opened his eyes and allowed the stored-up tears to come showering down his cheeks; if anything, there was increased sadness.

"And I don't think it's only because of your little girl," Denton added.

"I don't think so, either."

"I think that it is because of something which I imperfectly understand."

Klaus stood rather ridiculously to attention. "Herr Major, for my wife's and daughter's sakes, I thank you for saving my life."

THERE was nothing more to say. If it had been only himself who had suffered, Denton would have shaken hands with Klaus, to show Klaus that his hands forgave Klaus's hands for the sore things they had done to them. But because of what they had also done to Greene and Mahoney and Everasse, he could not make the gesture, so he turned and walked wordlessly from the room.

A light shining under a door in the passage showed him where Maria's room was. Pink and podgy, the little girl was sitting up in bed, with her slim, cool pale-green mother standing beside her.

"You've been a long time, señor señor," the little girl said.

"I've been talking to your father, señorita señorita."

The child roared with laughter at this unexpected repetition of her own joke.

"Please tell me a story before you leave," she said.

"I'll tell you a story about Jackie Manory,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another about his brother,
And now my story's done,"

he said, translating into Spanish as best he could.

"That's cheating," the little girl said. . . .

The men were still saying "Claro" and having their shoes polished when Denton got back to the café. The face of a lit-up clock looked like a moon. Denton ordered another manzanilla and hoped that Greene, Mahoney and Everasse, in the shadow or in the shine, would understand. THE END

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

Continued from page 18

forward, his hands between his knees.

"Poor Mother," Locha said. "She once told me she grew old in this place by herself. I'm beginning to see she was right."

"She needn't have been by herself."

"She's lonely, lonely, lonely, Father, the closer she is to the people she loves. I ought to know—it's happened to me." She held out her glass. "Come on, be human—have a sip—drink to the bride's good health."

Father Keogh took a sip. Then he looked down at his hands. "Locha, that day you were in my room—you had been kissing him, hadn't you?"

She asked him politely: "Señor Comachi? Yes, I'm afraid I had. To be accurate, he'd been kissing me, but I dare say it's the same in the end."

"But why—why—why—?" Father Keogh thumped a fist in his palm.

"I don't know, I should think it's biological. At a certain point you don't know who's kissing whom."

"I didn't mean that. I meant, how could you kiss him, knowing what he is?"

"Well, Father, I'll tell you—I don't know how." She leant forward, her glass loose in her hand. She spoke with confidential sophistication which sat very clumsily over her youth. "Unless, if you're really interested, and you know you ought to be—it'll give you a wider outlook—unless it's something to do with desire."

"But surely——"

She interrupted. "If you've been longing for someone—if you've been longing, or in love, for a very long time — it's — surprising — what — can — happen — to — you." She sang the last part of the sentence, and tipped up her drink in a rush.

"You must realize that you wouldn't have a hope of happiness with Malo."

"Now in that conclusion, Father, you and I are just like that——!" And she put one finger over another and flicked them both under his nose.

"As you realize you'd have no future with Malo, what do you intend to do?"

"Marry Dyke Brown. Oh, don't worry, I really am fond of him."

"I hope so for his sake," Father Keogh said.

"Yes, you would do—you think of everybody. But I'm really a *very* bad girl. I gave up morals long ago before I found out what they meant."

"How very, very young of you."

SHE leant forward, clasping her knees. "I only ever wanted one thing—to be close to the man I love. If I could do that, I wouldn't mind what happened to me. I wouldn't mind living in sin, or in poverty, or as a social outcast, or in hell, as long as I was living with him."

"But you're *marrying* your cousin, Dyke Brown."

"Oh yes, but then you see I haven't any choice. Because I don't think Malo—for instance—would have me, would he? He isn't the marrying sort."

Father Keogh stood up. "When you're feeling better, Locha——"

"When I'm more sober, you mean."

He smiled at her. "If you'd like to talk to me seriously about it, you know I shall always be there."

"I might come for your help if I thought I should get it."

"You know you'll always get it," he said.

Three weeks before the day of the wedding, Father Keogh received Locha and Dyke Brown at the church, together with the friends and witnesses who had come to swear under oath before an image of Christ that the couple were free to marry one another.

Outside on the church steps, Father Keogh shook hands with Dyke Brown. His slow smile, his cropped head and the eyes that he kept fixed on the ground were higher up than when

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Father Keogh first remembered them, but were otherwise unchanged. He had lost none of the shyness which made him look half asleep.

He called Father Keogh "Padre" and agreed with everything he said in a solemn voice which made Father Keogh smile. It was obvious that the young house-surgeon had had small contact with the Church and he seemed to be under the impression that a fitting expression to be assumed before a cleric was one of funereal respect.

He seemed also to be under the impression that it would be impolite to show any signs of affection towards his future bride in front of a priest. He stood several paces apart from Locha and stared either at her feet or the top of her head when he felt Father Keogh's eyes upon him. But it was the looks that he gave her when he thought himself unobserved which endeared him most to Father Keogh. They were shy, proud looks, filled with a steady devotion that warmed Father Keogh's heart.

Locha herself was ill at ease and smiled too often. She dispensed the courtesy which reminded Father Keogh of the way she handed out bottles of medicine in the surgery to people in whose malady she had long since ceased to believe — polite, uncritical, but meaningless.

Doña Florencia's headache! Father Keogh thought, that's how she's smiling at me. I wish there were some way to help the child.

DOÑA MARIAN put her arms round her nephew's shoulders and turned him towards Father Keogh.

"Father, could you tell this great baby here that we don't have human sacrifices at Mexican weddings, and that if we did, it wouldn't be him!"

"I just wouldn't want to make a mess of it," Dyke said miserably.

"There's nothing for you to make a mess of," Father Keogh assured him. "Look here, if you're really worried about it, why don't you come home with me and we'll run through it together?"

"Yeah! Do that, honey," Doña Marian urged her nephew.

Father Keogh was quick to see that the idea of being closeted with a priest in his own house was alarming to the young American. He said, "Or why don't we drop into Sam's Bar and discuss it over a drink?"

Dyke's slow smile reappeared. He turned to Locha, "Coming, honey?"

She shook her head.

In Sam's bar, Father Keogh ordered a soft drink and said to Dyke, "Don't feel you have to drink this stuff because of me. I'm on the wagon as a good example to Sam. Sam, this is Dr. Brown. He's got stage fright."

Sam took down a bottle of brandy and banged it on the bar before Dyke. "You got farther than I ever got, pal. I never got around to popping the question."

Dyke tipped back his glass and grinned at him. "The way I feel right now, you're lucky."

"Nonsense!" Father Keogh laughed. "It's not as bad as that."

He began explaining the church procedure to Dyke, illustrating the positions with glasses on the bar. The young American was nervous, and drank rapidly.

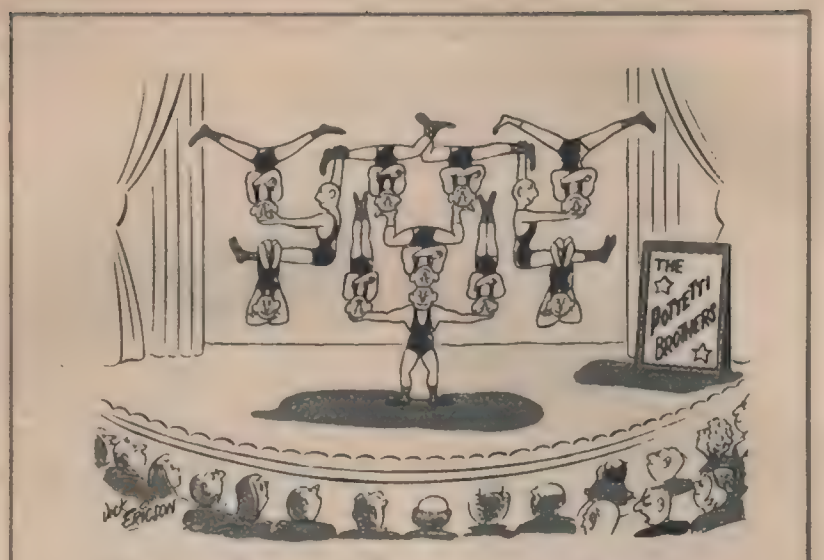
It was Sam who saw Malo first. He looked up and said softly, "Hey! Pussyfoot—we don't have any coke left. Bud, here, drank us out."

Dyke Brown disentangled his long legs from the stool of the bar and walked slowly towards Malo. "You son of a bitch!"

The violence in the soft voice which had been up until then nothing but an increasingly thickening blur so took Father Keogh by surprise that for a moment he remained seated, staring at Dyke's broad back.

Sam called out a warning. "You have to be careful what you say to our Pussyfoot, pal. Our Pussyfoot was raised nice. He don't like bad language."

Malo said, "The Señor Doctor has my sympathy. It must be very disheartening to find that your bride has transferred her affections. But to be frank with you, Señor Doctor, I must tell you that I feel you never received them in the first place. They have merely returned to the original, isn't that so, Father?"



"The whole thing's a fake—they're not really brothers"

Father Keogh was only just in time to prevent Dyke's big fist from striking Malo's expressionless face. He said, "That won't get you anywhere, Dyke."

Malo walked back to the door. From it he said, "I gather your friend hasn't been helping to drink the bar out of coke, Father."

Father Keogh released Dyke's arm when Malo stepped into the street. "Dyke, that man's thoroughly dangerous. For goodness' sake don't get involved with him."

Dyke's face was set. "The son of a bitch! If he hangs around Locha just one time more, I'm going to grind that goddamn face of his so hard into the side-walk it's going to look like somebody dropped a jelly on it."

Father Keogh steered him back to the bar and asked uneasily, "When does he hang about Locha?"

Dyke mopped his face. His eyes were shy again. The funereal expression was not far off. "Padre, you're going to have to forgive me. I guess I shouldn't have shot my mouth off like that in front of you."

Father Keogh said, "That's all right. You said Anacleto is hanging around Locha."

"Locha's not the same girl. There've been times in these last few days when I thought she hated me, and every night this louse is hanging around the house."

Father Keogh asked sharply, "Hanging around the *house*?"

"Yeah, he plays that darned guitar thing and sings to it."

Father Keogh asked carefully, "What does Locha say about it?"

THE boy picked up his drink wretchedly. "I have the feeling she likes him around." He suddenly tossed down the drink. "Ah, what the hell!"

Father Keogh said quietly: "Look, Dyke, three weeks goes past pretty quickly. In three weeks you'll be married and then you and Locha will go back to the States. That's not long to wait, is it?"

Five days before the wedding, Malo wrote to Locha:

"Señorita,

"Have you been able to forgive me that kiss? If you knew what it meant to me I think you would. Those four old tongue-waggers are right. (I have heard what they say, that I have no business to cast my eyes upon someone like you.) But there is no understanding in those withered old hearts and no pity. In yours, young and soft and sad, there are all these things and I make my appeal to them.

"The same thoughts which keep you awake at night keep me from sleep—yes—I know that you lie awake! My heart knows understanding, or did you think I had none? Perhaps it was you who discovered it for me—perhaps you brought it to life in that kiss?

"Señorita, you must be certain that you have nothing in common with me. But everything you suffer for him, I feel for you. I know that when I tell you this you will understand how much we share. Remember that I, too, am a victim of hopeless love. I have no more chance with you than you have with your priest, but I do beg of you one favour.

"Consider this marriage well. Would it be fair to your bridegroom? You have too kind a heart not to consider others. If you marry this unlucky young man, you will be using him as a bandage for your own wounds. Will either of you find happiness through that?

"If you feel that you are unable to face this marriage, I will help you. Use me in any way you please. I will get you out of the town if you wish.

"Consider again, Señorita, you will have to walk towards the man you love—and he will marry you to someone else. Could you bear that? It is that which I wish to spare you—that is all I can hope from my love—that I am able to save you from a lifetime of wretchedness. Even if it is at the very last moment, do not deny me this chance—at the *very* last moment you will find that I am by you and that I am willing to help.

"You need have no fear that my assistance would compromise you, or that I should claim any form of repayment. I should be content in the rôle of a rescuer. If you doubt me, Señorita, take up a mirror. Have a good look at yourself. What do you see there? If it is only beauty, you are blind as well as modest. You are looking at something which can change the heart of a man like me."

There was a postscript to the letter. "If Father Keogh cannot see how you feel—remember that he is not only a 'good man' but a modest one—he would suspect you of loving everyone else in the world (even me!) before himself. Remember also that he went into a school at nine years old which turns little boys into priests! So how could he understand?"

Malo laid the letter on the table and read it out to his men in Porfirio's bar. Maria, his woman, was not present.

"Now," he said, "I am not good with my pen—but Maria has helped me to write this. It is the kind of letter she is certain that any young girl would be pleased to receive. This bit about the mirror—I am told it is touching and flattering. What do you think?"

Porfirio's eyes bulged and Vito stared at him, a mixture of petulance and mistrust on his face.

The Jeep, his crippled body sitting awkwardly, chewed his thumbnail and muttered, "I think it means your senses have left you, Anacleto. It is something Old Uncle always feared.'

"I am in my right mind," Malo assured them. "If that girl gets married, I have lost the only chance I have left to beat the priest. This is an important time for us, my halfwits; it's now that we win or lose. If luck's on my side—and she should be, she's deserted me long enough—that girl will change her mind."

"You flatter yourself, Anacleto," said Vito, "if you think she will forget her priest and turn her affections to you."

"I do not want her affections, Vito, and this letter is to make her *remember* her priest. There will be more letters before the wedding. With my brains and Maria's feelings, I think we should make her find it hard to forget him. The priest, of course, feels the same way about her. It is only that he does not recognize the feeling."

"So what?" Vito asked.

MALO said: "It should not be so hard to imagine. After all, it has happened before, and it could happen again. It's surprising how a favourite can fall from grace. It is worse if the favourite is a priest. When it is found that he has a heart and desires, like an ordinary man, or that he has ordinary human weaknesses, and if he puts any of these before his duty, people have no mercy upon him. People who have gone out of their way to catch his smile and ask his blessing on their babies' heads are the first to tear him down.

"You may be too young to remember, Vito, when Father Gomez walked proudly about the town, and men lifted their hats and women dropped curtsies to him—and everyone listened when the good Father spoke—but you are not too young to remember what happened. It's quite understandable," Malo added. "You feel a fool to have whispered your sins and begged forgiveness from someone who has sinned more than yourself."

Porfirio suggested, "Supposing you are wrong and he does not care for her?"

"I am not wrong," Malo said.

"Then supposing the girl does not read the letters?" the Jeep inquired.

Malo smiled. "She will not only read them, she will look at her face in the glass. Young girls are easily flattered and a good man's heart is easily turned into his own enemy."

Locha was trying on her wedding dress when she received the letter.

Josefa fussed about the hem. "It is too long in the front here, your mother was taller. Señorita, stand upright or how can I see?" She looked up and saw that Locha was reading the letter. "Well, I hope that's not from somebody else we've left out. I said to Doña Marian——"

Locha said, "Josefa, will you bring me my little mirror?"

"What can you do with a little one? That will not show you your feet. Wait till I've pinned it, then look in the big one. It was just that your mother was taller, you see, there had to be a small piece put in for her, but for you it has had to come out."

"It's not my feet I want to see."

Reluctantly, Josefa went and fetched

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Never too old

IT'S largely true that a man is as old as he feels. When I hear someone say: "I know I ought to do that, but I'm too old to change my ways," I can't help thinking that he feels older than he really is, or is just downright lazy.

For it's never too late to substitute a good habit for a bad one. Indeed, the older you are the easier it ought to be, for to will-power you can add experience and wisdom. People who won't change, simply don't want to change.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

the mirror. "Don't move, or you'll put it all out," she said through the pins in her mouth.

Locha took the mirror up slowly towards her face. She looked at it carefully. There was a trace of excitement in her voice. "Josefa, do you think I'm pretty?"

"Yes, well, you'll do," Josefa said. "There are uglier girls about."

"I was quite a success in the States. Do you know there were at least a dozen men who could have remembered the colour of my dress?"

She folded Malo's letter and put it into a special drawer. It lay next to a holy picture. On the back Father Keogh had written, "For Locha, a happy Christmas."

The delicate white lace wedding dress had covered many a de Cortinez bride. It was well over a hundred years old. It made a stiff little figure of Locha in the cool dark room, against the heavy hangings. The slippers that peeped out underneath the frills had heart-shaped diamond buckles upon them, and the mantilla threw a train that was four yards long.

Josefa put an ivory-backed prayer book in her hand, and stood aside to admire the effect.

There was a knock at the door. "May we come in?"

"Yes, Mother," Locha called.

Doña Marian came into the room with Father Keogh.

"Hallo, dress rehearsal!" he smiled.

"Oh! honey, you look lovely! Doesn't she look lovely, Father? My pretty little girl!" Doña Marian went forward to kiss her with tears in her eyes.

"I don't think I've ever seen a more beautiful bride," Father Keogh said.

Josefa beamed. "It's unlucky to see the bride before the wedding, Father, so the good Señorita Finch always said."

"Oh, it doesn't matter as long as I'm not the bridegroom," Father Keogh laughed.

"Josefa, doesn't it want lifting a little bit there?" Doña Marian pointed out a dipping frill, and then fitted her hands round her daughter's waist. "Gosh, Father, I was married in this dress, and I thought I was slim—but get a load of this!"

LOCHA pushed the hands away. "Please don't prod me, Mother. I'm not up for sale in the market place."

Father Keogh grinned at her. "You fetched a good price today."

"Wait till you hear it, Locha honey! What do you think? The padre came to remind your father he promised to give a donation to help rebuild the hospital on the day you got married!"

Father Keogh's eyes were gay. "He couldn't very well get out of it."

"He's going to give three thousand pesos. It'll make him mad for weeks," said Doña Marian.

"So you'll be a benefactress as well as a bride," Father Keogh told her.

Locha's voice was quiet. "Were you afraid you might miss the money, Father Keogh, if you didn't speed the wedding up? One hears tales of the Church being mercenary."

"Now, honey, that's not very nice."

Father Keogh asked her gently: "Doesn't it make you happy to think that you'll be helping us rebuild the hospital?"

"Have you been paid yet?" Locha asked. "Or do you have to wait for the golden day?"

Father Keogh made one last attempt at a joke. "Perhaps we were unwise to settle for cash on delivery—we ought to have made it payment in advance."

Locha raised her small white prayer book and struck him across the face.

There was a stifling silence inside the room, until Josefa screamed.

Then Doña Marian spoke. "Why, Father, she must have gone crazy. I can't think what's gotten into her. When she first came back she seemed O.K."

Father Keogh went forward and took Locha's hands. She made no attempt to move away: she stood entirely still before him. He said: "Locha, if that made you feel better I'm glad you did it. But if it didn't help, come to me, we might think up another way." He pressed her hands and walked out of the room.

On the day before the wedding, Father Keogh shook hands with the godparents on the steps of the church, and was relieved to note that the funereal expression was absent from Dyke Brown's face. He was also glad to feel the reassuring warmth of Dyke Brown's handshake.

But his own eyes were anxious when they looked at Locha. She stood very straight with her arm through Dyke's, a small polite smile on her lips. Her cool little voice had just been confessing to Father Keogh, accusing herself of inconsideration towards her fiancé, ingratitude towards her mother, and ill-temper towards her servants. It also stated that she was aware that her love for another man had caused her fiancé unhappiness. She was truly sorry for the fact, and hoped to find it possible to make it up to him.

When they left the church, Malo was passing. He carried a tortoiseshell kitten. He stood back to allow Locha to walk towards the de Cortinez car. Father Keogh hoped that he was the only one to have overheard his remark to her, "Even at the very last moment it isn't too late." He walked straight across the path of Father Keogh and Dyke Brown so that they were obliged to step backwards to avoid colliding with him. He looked at neither of them. Father Keogh laid a restraining hand upon Dyke's arm. Nobody mentioned the incident.

Doña Marian, chattering to relatives, climbed with them into the car. Father Keogh also hoped that he was the only one to have observed the fact that Locha's head turned sharply to watch Malo up the street.

He had placed the kitten on its feet and was encouraging it to follow him, calling and clicking his fingers. It started after him in fluffy spurts of indecision. Then it sat, opened a tiny pink mouth, mewed defiantly and set about washing itself with vigour. Malo returned to it, laughing, and picked it up. He went off with it held against his shoulder, talking to it.

Father Keogh made a deliberate point of watching Malo himself. He said cheerfully to Dyke, "I've always been fascinated by kittens. If I had one in the house I should spend all my time playing with it."

Dyke did not turn to him. His eyes were on Locha. But he patted Father Keogh's shoulder. "Yeah, cute, aren't they? See you tomorrow, padre."

QUANTANA was in festival spirits. It declared the wedding day a holiday. Don Pedro had given a handsome if unwilling contribution to the firework display.

In the great vault-like hall at the Casa Grande, the wedding breakfast was laid for a hundred people. Included among them, by the persistence of Dyke Brown, was Sam.

The streets near the church were hung across with paper streamers. Into each colourful strip images of saints had been perforated. Nearly every saintly namesake of the de Cortinez family had been represented.

In the bridal car Locha sat tight-lipped. Because she could not keep her hands still, Josefa held them.

Doña Marian said before she left, "For heaven's sake honey, put rouge on your cheeks."

The crowd was packed tightly round the church. There was an archway of flowers at the entrance. Malo moved towards her as she stepped out of the car and the excited spectators fell back a little. It was considered unlucky to be touched by Malo. It was only for a few moments that they stood together, but a sudden silence fell down on the watching crowd. He said nothing to her, but she seemed unable to take her eyes from his face. A whisper broke out round them then.

"He is putting the evil eye upon her!"

"Jesus Maria, José! He is cursing the bride!"

It was Josefa who eventually put out a hand and drew the bride away.

Father Keogh stood at the door of the church. Behind him it smelt close and over-sweet, like a heavily scented flower shop. His eyes and his hair looked extra dark against his white cotta. He was smiling as he waited.

Locha walked slowly up to him. The bridal party matched her pace. She looked china-frail in the stiff folds of lace. Within two feet of him, she stopped. For a few paralysing seconds she stared at him. She was entirely colourless. Father Keogh believed she was going to faint. He moved forward anxiously, and Dyke Brown turned towards her. She caught up her train and wound it round her arm. The small satin slippers caught the sun in their diamond buckles as she ran back down the path.

The impulse that had forced her to escape had left her with no thought in her head but that to hear Father Keogh bind her in matrimony to Dyke Brown was not bearable. She was shocked into wondering whether she had said the words aloud which had shouted inside her head as she stared at Father Keogh. She stood, lost, at the gates of the church. She had no idea what she intended to do. She was oblivious of the gaping crowd.

AT that moment, Malo appeared at her side. He opened the door of the bridal car and pulled the chauffeur out. He was in the driving seat and Locha was beside him before the crowd had time to catch its breath. The car was moving before Father Keogh and Dyke Brown reached the gate.

Malo drove towards the Hua Pass. "We shall have to go out of our way a little to shake these people off. Then I'll take you to Porfirio's bar. If you go home, there'll be terrible scenes. I want to spare you that. I will go up to the Casa Grande and make one of the servants hand over your clothes. Then I will drive you to Huapan. After that, you must look after yourself."

Locha sat nursing her bouquet. She was trembling. "Señor Comachi, I couldn't thank you. I shouldn't know how to do it."

"Then spare us both the attempt, Señorita."

"But there is something I want to tell you—I—your letters—I think they saved my life. And they—they made me forget everything I've heard about you, and everything I've ever felt." She was nervously destroying her bouquet.

They heard a car changing gear on the hill.

Malo looked back. "Your bridegroom has not given up yet." He turned sharply right, and sped down the Los Diagos road.

Locha's voice was unsteady. "I'm—I'm trying to tell you how it helped me to know that somebody understood—right up until your first letter I didn't realize—I mean, I still thought the same of you—but then, I do so want you to know it helped, Señor Comachi."

"I am very grateful, Señorita."

"Those letters seemed to turn you into a friend—my *only* friend. Do you know it was as much as I could do sometimes not to run out to you when I heard you outside? I was longing to talk to you. There's never been *anyone* I could talk to about it before. I've had it all shut up inside me so long. I've kept your letters, Señor Comachi—I just couldn't throw them away. I didn't feel quite so lonely when I thought about them, and when

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

I DON'T remember what I was laughing at when this picture was taken, but I suppose life was a huge joke in those days. I was about seven or eight years old, yet, even at that tender age, I knew my way around.

I had to. My father, a major in the British Army, took me from Dublin, where I was born, to his station in India when I was six months old. India remains in my memory only as a blur of heat and sudden startling night noises and a blaze of jungle green. Eighteen months later we returned to Ireland.

We lived only a few miles from an aerodrome, and week-end shooting parties would be augmented by officers stationed there. We were not on the telephone, however. Late on Friday afternoons an aircraft would be sent up and, flying low, drop messages on our lawn informing us of the number of people likely to be coming over for the weekend's shooting.

I would then go down to the boathouse and get the boats ready for the following morning. At dawn, I would be at the lakeside, ready to ferry people to their various positions at the butts. Then I would bring up supplies of coffee and sandwiches, or "beat" the birds out of hiding towards the guns.

When I was sent to school in England, I developed a keen interest in writing plays. To learn as much about acting and the theatre as possible, I joined a dramatic school and then went into repertory. The result was that I lost all interest in writing, finding instead a consuming interest in acting.

He is now a well-known film star. For his name, see page 31

"We'll just stay to see the New Year in, then slip away"

I was at my unhappiest I read them again and again."

The car that was following them had not seen them turn. It passed the sharp right fork and drove on.

Malo said: "No good could have come from that wedding, Señorita."

"I know. You made me see that. But right up to the last moment I thought I ought to try and go through with it. I'm so terribly, terribly fond of Dyke. I believed I could make him happy, and that seemed worth it; and then everything's so hopeless in the—the other direction—but you and your letters made me feel it was wrong."

"Yes," Malo told her, "it would have been wrong."

She plucked viciously at her bouquet, and her voice was tight and tearful. "But today I didn't love—you know who—I *hated* him."

"It can be much the same emotion, Señorita."

"He looked so smug and self-satisfied, waiting for us. He didn't *care*, he didn't *care*—he was *smiling*—he looked so pleased with himself! I wanted to shout when I got to him—I'm not sure that I didn't . . . 'Don't look so pleased—I am sinning, *sinning* —I don't love this man, I love *you*!'"

"You have robbed the four señoras of something they would have liked to hear."

"Priests are supposed to have understanding, aren't they? Well, *this* one hasn't got any." She was tugging at the riband that bound her bouquet. "He hasn't got any at *all*. He was just waiting for me, waiting for me—as if it didn't matter."

Malo told her: "He cannot be blamed, poor man. You have gone out of your way to make him think it did not matter. After all, he is not a witch."

"Priests are not the right people to care for the soul."

"Oh?" Malo asked her. "Who else would bother?"

"They are absolutely removed from *life*."

"They are lucky," Malo said.

"They are bigoted, narrow and smug. *Smug*," she repeated and turned to him. Her eyes were fierce. "You have *no* idea how smug he looked. *He* thinks he looked handsome, but——"

"I doubt if he thought that."

"But he didn't, he just looked smug, smug, *smug*! Oh! I hate him," she sobbed. "I love him so much. I wish I could die. Please don't laugh, Señor Comachi. I'm *very* unhappy."

"Only because you are young."

WHEN they reached the bar, Malo put a hand beneath her elbow and guided her to the foot of the stairs. Porfirio and The Jeep watched. Neither of them spoke. The Jeep slid off a stool and followed them. Malo closed the door in his face.

In the tiny bedroom above the stairs, Locha sat on the bed.

"Señorita," Malo said, "that priest of yours will be coming here soon."

She looked up, frightened. "I can't possibly see him. I couldn't face him."

"You will face him," Malo said.

Her eyes were frightened, her voice appealing. "Señor Comachi, you've been so good—couldn't you please try to spare me that? You must know how I feel."

Malo said: "Listen, my poor little lovesick fool, I've no wish to hurt your priest—for my sake, not for his—so don't force me." She sat back from him, her eyes on his face. "Señorita, one of us must go, and it has to be him. If I can drive him out through you—that's fine. I have told you, it's risky to hurt him." He said it quietly—there was no hint of violence.

"Drive him out through *me*?"

She stared stupidly at him. His voice was still soft and he had not lost his smile. He sounded as he had sounded in the car, gently amused. But there was something about his eyes. She lowered her head when she recognized it and it looked as if she ducked. In Malo's eyes was a look of deadly, brutal, patient sanity. It belonged to ruthless business deals, to a series of little vital cheats—where every

"Then your mother accepted me and you never saw two happier people—your grandmother and grandfather"

decision is aimed at a downfall—to a steady, everyday, precise world where a murder is done through paper and ink and the body is never discovered.

She put her hands to her eyes.

He took them away. "All you have to do is to tell him you love me, that it's your own wish to stay here with me. It matters to him more than you think, Señorita—I saw how he looked when I kissed you. He will not want to watch you here, day after day, apparently living with me. He will have to go, and for all I care you may go with him. I tell you, it will not be long." She scrambled away from him and backed against the wall. He leaned over and held her wrist. "I have no interest in you. Don't be too hard on yourself—most girls would have looked in the mirror after letters like mine. Young girls are not famous for brains, and when they are flattered, they've no brains at all."

She said: "No. Oh! Please, no—I thought you meant them—I thought they were real—I used to touch them and think they were friends. Please, please, Señor Comachi!"

Malo put a hand in his pocket. On the bed he threw a gun. "All you have to do is to make him believe that you want to stay here. He does not know his feelings yet, but it won't take me long to show him." Then he asked, with interest: "Did you think I could really admire you? Someone who would rather suffer all her life than tell a priest that she loves him in case he might look shocked?"

She pleaded: "He wouldn't believe that I loved you. He'd think I was mad."

"We have made our fascination for each other very plain, so gossip tells me; and then—you did run straight from the church into my arms." He picked up the gun and sat down at a little bamboo table. His left hand lay innocently upon it, but beneath it his right hand held the gun. His voice was reasonable and even appealing. "Señorita, you know that I have no choice. Now which would you prefer, to see him alive, or to give evidence against me after he is dead? It depends upon how much you love him, of course."

The mantilla had slipped from her head, dragging the hair back. It made her face look sharp.

IN the bar below, a noise broke out. They heard the voice of Don Pedro, Doña Marian and Dyke Brown. But above them all, they heard the priest's. They heard Porfirio say: "I am sorry, but these were my strict instructions. The Señorita will see no one but the padre."

They heard Father Keogh's footsteps on the stairs.

Beneath the table, Malo's right hand made a movement.

The dust had streaked Father Keogh's clothes. He paid no attention to Malo. He walked straight across to Locha.

She spoke before he reached her. "I love him. I want to stay with him." Her voice was unconvincing, petulant and sharp like a child's.

"You must have gone out of your mind, my child. You need protection against yourself." Father Keogh's voice was even, but his eyes took her courage away.

She repeated stonily: "I love him I want to stay with him."

"Come away with me now. Go home with your mother. Give yourself twenty-four hours to think."

She saw Malo's hand make a second movement.

FATHER Keogh's voice was no longer even. "You won't have a friend in the world, Locha. You'll disgrace yourself and your parents, but worst of all, you'll destroy every hope of happiness."

Malo asked: "Can you not see that she loves me, Father?"

Father Keogh said: "Won't you come back with me, Locha? I implore you to give yourself time to think."

Locha answered: "I've made up my mind."

Father Keogh said, "Very well." He left her standing in her wedding dress with the dirt from the bar round its hem. He did not look at either of them, and when he climbed down the stairs again he could find nothing to say to Don Pedro or the crowd that was awaiting him.

When Father Keogh went out, Malo raised the gun. He pointed it at Locha's head and pulled the trigger back. It gave a feeble click. The gun was unloaded. He asked her: "If all I had to do to get rid of my enemies was to put a bullet into them, don't you think I might have shot that priest of yours before?"

She stood up. She managed to find Don Pedro's voice. It was ice-cold, and clear: "You have not been as clever as you think, Señor Comachi. My father will not leave it at this. The chief of police will come here at any minute."

"You are right," Malo told her. "The *jefe* will come."

"I shall tell him exactly what's happened and I'm afraid I wouldn't mind if you shot him right through the head. I don't happen to love him at all."

"That is understandable, Señorita. He is not an attractive man. When he comes you must say what you please. You are free to walk out with him—but if you do, that priest can count his hours."

Locha came back from the door: "If you didn't dare kill him before, you wouldn't do it now."

Malo put the gun in his hip pocket. "My dear child, I do not happen to be in love. I have something left to think with. It would be too great a risk if I killed him outright, but—consider, Señorita. I have spent many months with Father Keogh lately. We know each other's habits. For instance, I know that every time he is called out to Tephuango he pays a tribute to Father Gomez. He goes down on his knees to pray at the place where that little priest died. He feels that the spirit of Father Gomez saved his life at the Hua Pass. At any time Father Keogh might receive a sick call from Tephuango. At any time he will be making this tribute. Those mountain roads are treacherous—certainly he has had one or two lucky escapes, but no man's luck can last for ever. Even mine deserted me. Any man could meet his death in a fall from the Hua Ledge—especially if he was absorbed in prayer."

"When the *jefe* comes I shall tell him to warn Father Keogh. I don't care what you do to me."

Malo told her: "If I fail in one way, you must know I'll find another. You could not warn him of something before I had done it, and I cannot be arrested until I do it. Wouldn't it be better to help me drive him out? You need not be afraid of me. I shall not touch you. I have no interest in you. I do not like little fair girls with proud Spanish blood in them—I like soft, full women who know how to use love, with good Mexican blood in their veins. You may be quite certain, Señorita, you'll receive no attentions from me."

Locha said coldly: "I'm afraid you can't make a fool of me twice. I don't believe in your threats any more."

Malo continued patiently: "Señorita, after he came to see you here, the priest received a message. Someone was sick in Tephuango. It's not a healthy spot. He has gone out there now. On the way back he will be praying for Father Gomez. . . . Vito is up there now. The Jeep will be listening when you talk to the *jefe*. It depends on what he hears. If he hears you say that you need no assistance, Father Keogh will come back alive. But if he hears you warn the *jefe* he will know that the plan is to go through."

When Locha was silent, Malo continued: "The *jefe* is not here yet, and Father Keogh will soon be coming back. It is a question of time, Señorita. The *jefe* cannot arrest me on your word alone, and if he did, it would not help Father Keogh. If The Jeep does not tell him otherwise, Vito knows what to do. The gun that you will tell the *jefe* I threatened you with is not even loaded—he will have to go up to the Hua Pass to prove that your other fears are true. Do you want to furnish him with proof? By that time Vito will have got away, and while the *jefe* is investigating, *I* shall get away. Certainly it involves a risk . . . but I wonder you force me to take it. Wouldn't it be better to do as I ask and stay here with me for a short while?"

THERE was a commotion in the bar downstairs. They heard the *jefe's* voice.

Malo glanced up at Locha. He told her quietly: "Señorita, if you think I'm tricking you, ask the *jefe* himself where the priest has gone."

The *jefe* came up the stairs. Behind him came three policemen, and behind them came The Jeep.

Locha went forward to meet them. She asked: "*Jefe*, where is Father Keogh, please?"

"He went out to Tephuango. Someone is dying or sick. Señorita de Cortinez——"

"Did you see him go out yourself?"

"Yes, Domingo drove him. Señorita de Cortinez, your father has asked me——"

Locha raised her voice. "*Jefe*, I need no assistance, thank you. I came here of my own accord. I wish to remain here with Señor Comachi. Tell my father that."

The *jefe* said: "Rather you than me."

The Jeep stood aside to let him go down the stairs. He grinned at Malo. "The deal's off, Anacleto?"

Malo replied: "The deal's off." Then he turned to Locha, smiling. "And now we will wait."

To be continued next week

GEORGE CANSDALE BRINGS THE JUNGLE TO TV

Continued from page 20

refused to be carried off the platform. Instead, he waddled slowly and with great dignity to the platform's edge and straight into the box held by the waiting keeper."

So unruffled is Cansdale by such hitches that Noordhof says: "George isn't *anxious enough*. He sugars the pill of education very well, but if you want to give of your best you've got to be a bit keyed up. George is never nervous. If he has a fault from the producer's point of view, it is his complete self-confidence."

Another B.B.C. producer adds: "The truth is that George is so pleased with himself that it never occurs to him that he might let himself down."

His TV accomplishments are linked solely with animals. Recently he was asked to become the regular chairman of the TV teenagers' discussion group, *Junior Wranglers*. After only two programmes he was replaced—"by mutual agreement."

"He just hadn't a flair for it," says Noordhof. Cansdale himself adds frankly: "It really wasn't up my street, and I didn't want to waste my time."

As a child, George Cansdale kept dogs, owls, magpies, field mice, rabbits and caterpillars as pets. At Oxford he took a B.A. degree with forestry as his special subject, but kept up his interest in birds and became a member of the Ornithological Society. One Sunday afternoon he met an attractive dark-haired undergraduate, Sheila, at a friend's house.

"I persuaded her to come out with me on several occasions to photograph nightingales."

When he returned home on leave from West Africa in May, 1940, they were married at All Soul's, Langham Place. Today he is a churchwarden at All Soul's, and viewers have seen him reading the TV Epilogue.

His young wife managed to get a clerical job in the Colonial Service and followed him out to Africa. Together they extended their interest from birds to reptiles and small mammals. Clearing the forests revealed many animals, and by the time he was offered the post of a superintendent of London Zoo, he had collected chimps, monkeys, rare birds, crocodiles, giant rats and snakes, including a 14½-foot python. He caught the python by pulling it head first from a hollow tree and, with five Africans, tugging it from the hole.

He runs the Zoo mainly from his airy office, where the bust of a gorilla glowers down fiercely on him. He lives in the Zoo, too. He, his wife and two sons, David, seven, and Richard, five, live in a rent-free seven-roomed house in the centre of the Zoo itself.

Into the country farmhouse atmosphere of the house in the Zoo come numerous animals. An off-colour snake once spent the night in their airing cupboard, and Mrs. Cansdale was not at all put out when she arrived down to breakfast one morning and found some lizards lazing comfortably on the kitchen floor.

Although David and Richard have seen their father on television in a friend's house (they do not have a set themselves), they are not impressed.

"I'm only sorry they didn't see me fight Henry, a small black bear, in May, 1951," says their father. "I put up quite a good show, until he knocked me over.

"Fortunately, it was the end of the programme. I managed to lift my head towards the microphone and, from my flat-out position, was able to say: 'Well, that's all for now, but you'll be seeing some more animals like this next time. Good night!'" THE END

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

LUXURY FOR HIRE—AT £1 A DAY

Continued from page 14

him talking until the chauffeur came," says Pimm, "but he looked a razor-slashing type, so I kept at arm's length." Gradually, the young man moved farther away, then suddenly turned and ran. "That was the last we ever saw of him."

Although the policy of the firm is to refuse cheques unless the hirer is known, William Selway, a director who supervises the accounting side, says that between two and five cheques are returned by the bank every week.

"Before the war, we used to reserve two and a half per cent of our revenue for bad debts," says Selway. "Now it's only a half per cent." One debt that was almost written off was due from a Dr. Archibald Henderson, who owed £18. "We couldn't find him anywhere," says Selway. Months later, he read that the same Dr. Henderson was one of the presumed victims of Edward Haigh, the acid bath murderer, and instructed the firm's solicitors to recover the debt from his estate.

Hoaxers At Work

Though self-drive hires cause most complications, demands for chauffeur-driven cars sometimes come from hoaxers who ask for a car to be delivered to a fictitious address. One joker asked for six chauffeur-driven cars to report to a certain address at a fixed time. When they arrived, they found the surrounding streets blocked by another forty cars from other hire firms.

One evening a receptionist took a call from the Earl of ——, who was staying at a Richmond hotel, and required a chauffeur-driven car to take him to his ancestral home in Scotland. "The two chauffeurs who were given the job found everyone bowing and scraping to the earl," says Selway. With great deference, they asked for a deposit on the journey and accepted a cheque for £70. They then set off for the Highlands, taking it in turn to drive.

Next morning, the earl informed them that he had changed his mind. He no longer wished to visit his ancestral home, but asked them to take him instead to a famous Perthshire hotel. The chauffeurs agreed. Unfortunately for the earl, however, his speech and behaviour had made them suspicious; when they arrived at the hotel, they decided to put their suspicions to the manager. "Well, we can soon find out," he said. "It so happens that we have the earl's sister staying with us."

The three of them approached the earl, revealed that his sister was on the premises and suggested that, as there was some doubt as to his identity, he should clear it up in the simplest and most obvious way. "At that," says Selway, "he went berserk and started throwing chairs all over the place. We found out later that he was a mental defective who had previously hired cars under other false names."

His Lucky Strike

Godfrey Davis himself, the founder and managing director of the business, is a tall, well-built figure with light-yellow hair. Demobbed in 1918 after service with the Royal Flying Corps, he turned to the motor business. After casting about for an opening, he decided to start a car-hire service and, in 1923, used his savings to pay the deposit on a dozen 12-h.p. cars. Within three years, he was able to order fifty Buicks.

By a stroke of luck, they were delivered at the beginning of the General Strike. "The trains had stopped and people from Wales, Scotland and the north were stranded," he says. "Soon, word got around that they could hire a car from Godfrey Davis." Every year since then the record of the previous year has been broken. At the outbreak of war, Godfrey Davis was running more than four hundred cars. By then, it was the policy to change the whole fleet every twelve months.

During the war, business shrank sharply. Between thirty and forty cars were requisitioned by the Services and another 350 hired at special rates.

Forty-two year old Robert Shipton, the service manager, who has been with the firm for twenty years, recalls that when an invasion of Britain was hourly anticipated in late 1940, the War Office rang up at one o'clock on a Sunday morning and asked for 150 cars to be ready at 9 a.m. A holding battalion was to be deployed immediately along a portion of the east coast. "Next morning," says Shipton, "they paraded outside the office five abreast in full kit. The fifth rank consisted of drivers. As each car was brought round from the garage, the men piled in and drove away."

Since the war, the fleet has gradually been brought to a record number of more than eight hundred cars, and last year Godfrey Davis set up an associated company in Paris to attract dollar tourists in Europe. Because of their potential dollar-earnings, the firm is allowed a priority in the delivery of new models so that cars can be replaced after two or three seasons. Hence, breakdowns are rare.

"When a major breakdown occurs, we send out a replacement," says Shipton.

Last year, a South American tourist who had planned a long tour of Europe rang up from Rome one Friday afternoon to say his car had been smashed. Would he have to abandon his trip? "It turned out to be his own fault," says Shipton, "but we sent out another car. It reached him on Tuesday at mid-day." After such a smash, the customer is liable to lose his £10 deposit. If there seems any chance of recovering it from a third party, however, the firm instructs its solicitors to act.

Shipton, who graduated to a directorship via the grease ramp and the breakdown gang, says: "We have always prided ourselves on our speed." Because it was thought that a breakdown van would be a poor advertisement, a Humber Snipe was at one time used to carry a mechanic, spares and "ambulance" to the breakdown. "One driver with a Humber Snipe on tow once touched 72 m.p.h.," says Shipton.

Answering one breakdown call at Durham, Shipton asked an official of the hotel to which he had been directed to announce him to the manager. The man took his time and, noticing the car in an open-fronted garage across the road, Shipton left his mate in the hotel and walked across. There seemed to be no one there, so he scrambled under the car to make his diagnosis.

Mistaken For Thief

"I was lying flat on my back," he says, "when I heard heavy footsteps which stopped ominously by the car. I looked round and saw three pairs of large boots. When I climbed out, I found they belonged to a police inspector and two constables."

"What are you doing with this car?" they demanded. Shipton explained he had just driven up from London to tow it back. "Oh?" said the inspector, "you may be interested to know that you were seen leaving Durham station at three o'clock this afternoon. Would you mind coming with us?"

Completely mystified, the two of them were interrogated at the police station by the chief constable, who refused to believe their story until he had phoned head office. He then apologized profusely and promised to pay their night's hotel bill. "But what's it all about?" asked Shipton. The chief constable grinned. "Your car has been used by a gang of fur thieves, and we thought you were involved," he explained.

Shipton is now in charge of more than a hundred garage men, each of whom specializes in a particular job. "Each car is serviced every two thousand miles," says Shipton. "The whole fleet is covered every four to six weeks."

Seven thousand pounds' worth of spares are stocked and, to save time, whole units are replaced even when the fault is in one detail only. "We keep a history of each car," says Shipton. "If anything goes wrong, we can trace immediately who was responsible."

Buried At Lynmouth

Even the best-maintained cars, however, are subject to accidents. One saloon was recently buried under thousands of tons of mud in the flood disaster at Lynmouth. Another was delivered to an American woman who had just arrived at Southampton. After driving it to the Isle of Wight ferry at Lymington, she herself crossed in another boat. The wake of a liner caught the car ferry and tipped a score of cars into the sea.

The strangest case of a loss was reported on a cold, foggy night in November, 1947, when a hirer rang Shipton to say he had missed the road at Hackney Marshes and had driven his car into the River Lea. Somehow, he had managed to scramble out and find his way to the police station. Shipton and a gang went down.

"We just couldn't find that car," says Shipton. "Neither the police nor the park-keeper could help." They gave it up for the night. Next morning, Shipton looked for fresh tyre-marks near the edge. Eventually they found some and, peering into the water, saw the gleam of chrome from a radiator. The car had sunk into a mudhole.

The heavy breakdown lorry was called, but the mechanics were unable to grapple the front of the car with their hooks. Eventually, the hirer volunteered to dive in. "He stripped stark naked on the bank," says Shipton, "and on that raw November morning dived into the mud. Fortunately, he managed to slip the hook on to the front axle and we were at last able to haul it out. Everything happens to Godfrey Davis cars." THE END

HENRY MOORE CARVES A PUZZLE

Continued from page 16

craftsmen to become precision tool-makers, but while he was waiting in London to be sent to a training school, he travelled one night by Underground train. Outside, the first big anti-aircraft barrage was banging, and a warden at Hampstead station advised him not to make his way home. So he went down the tube again and watched the shelterers settle down. He had been drawing shrouded figures for some time, and as he studied the sitting and sleeping figures he became aware they were familiar to him. "It just absolutely fascinated me to see rows and rows of my own reclining figures."

The next seven nights he spent riding the tube trains to observe the shelterers all over London, making such notes as: "Remember mouths of four snorers at Leicester Square" and "Remember two women sharing blanket at Marble Arch." When he got home at two o'clock in the morning, he filled pages of his sketchbook with his memories. "I never drew them on the spot. That would have been rude to the subjects."

He showed them to a few friends, among whom was Sir Kenneth Clark, who appointed him an official war artist on the spot, and he spent the first part of the blitz making sketches of the strange life of the tube shelterers. They were reprinted all over the world.

Married His Pupil

Soon after, his work was so much in demand that he was able to live without the two days a week teaching he had done at Chelsea School of Art and the Royal College of Art. In 1928, one of his pupils had been a tall, attractive Russian girl named Irina Radetsky. "He was a good-looking fellow and had been the object of admiration of many of the girls there," recalls a fellow teacher. "But he had avoided becoming entangled with any of them until he met 'Nitchka,' as she is nicknamed." They married, and eighteen years later had their only child, Mary.

His first job in the morning is to take Mary to school. Then he goes back to work in his studio with his assistants. Paid a small but living wage, they are young sculptors who come from as far away as New Zealand. He usually has two at a time, but dozens ask to join him. Many offer high fees. "But I won't take paying pupils. I would feel too obliged to teach them actively."

They help him in such ways as chiselling a rough shape from a model he has prepared, and smoothing the base of a stone. He has worked in forty British carvable stones and is still looking for more. "He is so interested in stones," says a friend, "that when I took him to see my rock garden he wouldn't look at the flowers—he was too fascinated by the rocks."

Show Was A Sell-out

Most of Moore's work is on sale in art galleries, and a recent show at the Leicester Galleries sold out. The gross takings were £5,000, but out of this came the gallery's commission, the cost of materials (an average piece of Portland stone costs £50, and it cost £600 to have "Reclining Figure" cast), transport, tools and running expenses. In the lean years before recognition, his annual income was not more than £400. Today it is about ten times that.

If he wanted to model a figure which could be mass-produced in the way a painting is copied, print makers estimate he could double his income, but he prefers to limit the number of casts from each original to six—one of which he gives to his wife.

"I have enough money," he says. "And, besides, if there were hundreds of the same one about I might get bored with it." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 28 is of Richard Todd.

OVER £1,100 in PRIZES to open CORONATION YEAR!

Huge "Three Wishes" Offer heads the procession . . .

ALREADY seven readers have pocketed a big cheque and rubbed the *Bullets* Magic Lamp—and all their wishes have been fulfilled by JOHN BULL. Now, in this first thrilling offer of Coronation Year, comes your opportunity to follow them to a fortune and three wishes.

Look through the latest list of winners on this page. From that £750 effort down to the last £5 winner, there is no *Bullet* which *you* could not have made. So why shouldn't *your* name be on that £750 telegram to the winner of this week's huge 3-in-1 prize? And why not try your hand at Crosswords, too?

£750 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS

THREE WISHES

and Millionaire's Weekend for Two

Subject only to practicability and a reasonable cost limit to be indicated, JOHN BULL undertakes to fulfil any three wishes of the £750 winner. That reader will celebrate, with companion, the "Magic Lamp" Award with a thrill-packed weekend in London as JOHN BULL'S guests—luxurious hotel, memorable meals, shopping, sight-seeing with private car and guide, visits to circus, theatre, cinema, concert, etc., etc.

£50, £25, £15, £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 of 10s.

1,500 NEW "USE-AS-YOU-CHOOSE" AWARDS

FINE FOWL BONUSES

A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Here, with *Bullets* Magic Lamp, is Mrs. M. A. Jackson (22 George Street, Swindon), winner of the 1952 "Three Wishes" prize. Her "three rubs" added a gold watch, a luxurious mattress and a vacuum-cleaner to her First Prize cheque

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

World We're Making
It's Coronation Year, So
To Keep The Peace
Highwayman Joe
In A Steel Helmet
Marvellous Job
Out Of The Darkness
Modern Aladdin
A Woman's Life
Ungrateful
Stole The Picture
On The Way Up
Man With A Limp
Wishful Thinking
Love May Be Blind, But

Dad's Ancestors
Quaking
That Monday Feeling
A Slow Starter
Magic Of The Circus

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Eisenhower's.....
The.....Vanished And
Helping.....
If It Weren't For.....
Underneath The.....
One.....After Another

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,867 (or Xword 819) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

YOUR FIRST "BULLET" FREE THIS WEEK ONLY

"Bullets" Winners 1,863

FIRST PRIZE, £750 plus Surprise Gifts: W. H. Richards, 72 Heol Llan, North Cornelly, Bridgend:

In The New Britain Let's Make *America* Old-fashioned!

£50: W. Myers, Windle Grange Cottages, Rainford Road, St. Helens, Lancs: WHAT NOBODY WANTS—FORTRESS—TO *Starve* IN!

£25: Mrs. L. Heaketh, 44 Adlam Road, Liverpool: TWELVE MONTHS—PUT *Thirteen* INTO, LUCKLESS!

OTHER AWARDS. £20: R. G. Patterson, "Gwynfa," Wern, Rhosesmor, Mold: TWELVE MONTHS—"JURY" AWAITING *Your* "DECISION." £15: J. Vick, c/o 47 Kirkley Drive, Ponteland, Newcastle-on-Tyne: WHAT MANKIND WANTS — BREATHLESS PACE? BREATHING SPACE! £10: Mrs. S. Patrick, 141 Maltmill Lane, Blackheath, Birmingham: WE LEARN BY MISTAKES, SO — SCIENCE PREPARING BETTER "ERASERS"! £5: R. Clough, 69 Drakefield Road, London, S.W.17: TWELVE MONTHS — FORGETTING VILLAGERS' "TWELFTH NIGHT"! £5: W. Curry, 104 Birchwood Avenue, Sidcup: KEY TO CONTENTMENT—LOCKING LAST DESERTED ARSENAL. £5: Mrs. O. Patrick, 21 Astley Crescent, Quinton, Birmingham: WE LEARN BY MISTAKES, SO—SLIP-UP BY SLIP-UP, *Up*! £5: G. A. Wright, 68 Algernon Street, Grimsby: STUDDED WITH DIAMONDS — APPARENTLY, REGIMENT *Queen's* INSPECTING!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Cheques for 80 other winners, also 2,000 new prizes, have been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Jan. 31, and in JOHN BULL, dated Feb. 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, January 24 for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,867 result.)

CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 819**

1. Many a squabble ends in
3. It's gratifying to see lamb on this
6. Temperature of this is too much for greenhouse seedlings
8. Those who won't have one at any price are apt to be considered cranks by the majority
11. A few old-time artistes were helped to success by being this when young
13. We are more or less familiar with the kind due to financial troubles
14. Getting this is something average woman treats seriously

Down Clues

1. Farm labourer gets more scope and this than his forbears enjoyed
2. In some cases, the development of one is dramatic
4. The amount of drink an utterly down-trodden husband can afford to take
5. May lead one to suspect something is wrong
7. Maintaining this becomes a tiring and tedious business
9. Many an angler finds one handy
10. Even a small one can sting you pretty badly
12. A fellow may join one for the fun he'll get

£100 FIRST PRIZE

(Winner's Telegram Wed., Jan. 21)

AWARDS VALUE £25

amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 JOHNNY-BASKETS

EACH VALUE £2

Strong but elegant Shopping Baskets made by blind workers and filled with larder luxuries—one with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

£100 WON OUTRIGHT XWORD 815

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Crammed. 4, Beano. 5, Winter. 7, Job. 8, Book, Boon or Boot. 11, Tap. 12, Greek. DOWN: 1, Crown. 2, Pen. 3, Bank. 4, Brood. 6, Dream. 8, Best. 9, Ride. 10, Tug.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: C. V. Cleaton, 20 Bath Street, Rugby.

£50 XMAS CASH divided between eight 1st Runners-up. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded for 2nd Runners-up. Fifty-seven competitors also qualified for novel Crossword Surprise.

EXAMPLE ..... **FREE**

BULLET .....

EX. ..... **6d.**

B. .....

EX. ..... **6d.**

B. .....

EX. ..... **6d.**

B. .....

EX. ..... **6d.**

B. .....

Closing Postmark **1,867** Monday Jan. 12

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

"CORONATION HEIRLOOM" OFFER – SECURE YOUR "BULLETIN"

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated January 24. **Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.**

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE!

New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

680

£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **819** Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 12

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 24.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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